HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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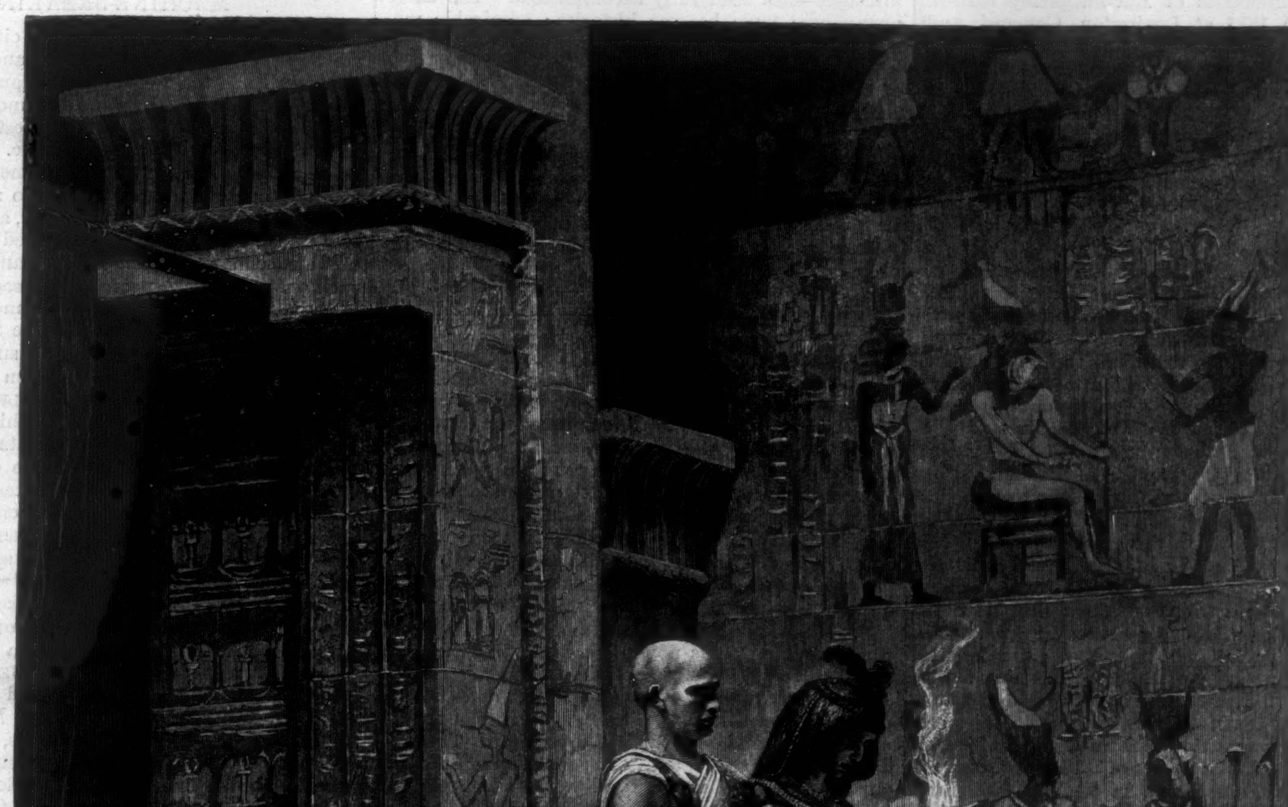


EGYPTIAN PRIEST AND SACRED SCRIBE.—From a Painting by F. A. Bridgman.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

With No. 104, issued October 25, the Second Volume of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *comes to an end. The serial story "Tim and Tip" is concluded in this number; but "Talking Leaves" is continued, and grows in interest as it advances. An article by* MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK, *with the paradoxical title "A Flowerless Flour Garden," will excite curiosity, and will be read with absorbing interest. A descriptive account of the Game of Cricket, a capital short story, entitled "Vic Whitney's Revenge," with an illustration, and one of Jimmy Brown's inimitable funny sketches, are among the other attractive features of the current number.*

YORKTOWN.

THE commemoration at Yorktown closes the long series of centenaries of Revolutionary battles, which began in 1875 at Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, and which has continued with very great although naturally varying interest to that of the surrender of CORNWALLIS. The next event in order and significance will be the centenary of the signing of the treaty of peace, and seven years hence we may expect a due observance of the completion of the hundredth year of the government under the Constitution. These celebrations have been most important and instructive, and they have been of the greatest service in refreshing the memory of events, which in some cases had faded from general recollection or were very vaguely recalled. The opening events of the Revolution in New England are so familiar that the first centennial celebrations were general and enthusiastic, and served to stimulate the public mind with an ardor which did not abate to the last commemorations. The active Revolution not only began in New England, but the preceding debate had been carried on there with the utmost ability and vigor; and the historians and biographers of the men of that time have been largely New-Englanders, so that full and detailed justice has been done to the part that the Eastern colonies played in the great struggle. The three controlling colonies a hundred years ago were Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia, and the Revolutionary movement which began in Massachusetts passed to New York, and ended in Virginia. The great campaign was that of New York; the decisive event was the surrender of BURGOYNE, which led to the active aid of France, which compelled the surrender of CORNWALLIS. Thus the three colonies are united by the most patriotic traditions, and blend in a common gratitude the names of illustrious sons.

The differences observable in the Revolutionary annals between New England and New York, which were close and immediate neighbors, were due to two chief causes, the practical homogeneity of New England, and the immediate dependence of New York upon the crown. The immense territory of New York was not only sparsely peopled, but its population was as heterogeneous as it is now. Even in the seventeenth century, when New England spoke but one language, eighteen different tongues were spoken familiarly in New York; and politically the rights of the people of the province were not guaranteed by charter. There were no braver or wiser Revolutionary leaders than JOHN MORIN SCOTT and JOHN JAY and ALEXANDER HAMILTON and GEORGE CLINTON, but there were no tougher Tories upon the continent than those of the city of New York and Long Island. During the centennial epoch there have been at least ten important commemorations in New York. The first was that of the beginning of hostilities, signalized by a masterly discourse of Dr. STORRS before the Historical Society. The next was the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the State, in the spring of 1877, marked by a characteristic oration of CHARLES O'CONOR before the same society. These were followed by the celebration at Kingston of the institution of the State government; the Oriskany celebration upon the battle-field; the celebration at Bemus Heights and Schuylerville, the Saratoga of BURGOYNE'S surrender; and the celebrations at Cherry Valley, at the old fort of Schoharie, at White Plains, and at the spot of the capture of ANDRÉ. Other Revolutionary events within the State have not been forgotten, but we have mentioned the more important.

During all this period the comparative good-natured indifference of New York to her own renown has been observable—that trait which has led to great injustice in the popular estimate of the Revolutionary attitude of the State. There were several living ex-Governors of the State at the time of the Kingston celebration, but we believe that not one was present to honor in person the memory of the first great republican Governor of New York, GEORGE CLINTON, although ex-Governor SEYMOUR, detained at home by illness, wrote an admirable letter upon the occasion. Schuylerville, the seat of BURGOYNE'S surrender, and, upon the whole, the most memorable, because, as we have said, the most decisive, field of the war, is only twenty miles from Albany; the day of the commemoration was perfect; but the Legislature had made no appropriation, we believe, toward the expenses of the day, and the Governor of New York was "represented by members of his military family." The affair at Oriskany was of the most vital importance, and there was an immense crowd upon the field of the celebration; yet, while every school-boy in Massachusetts knows the great day of Concord and Lexington by heart, there are very intelligent citizens of New York who know little about Oriskany. It is curious to trace in this way the persistence of the characteristics of a community. The misfortune of Virginia is the situation of her famous battle-field. It is on a solitary and inaccessible peninsula, and the difficulties of providing transport and comfortable accommodation for a vast throng of visitors seem not to have been properly considered. It is unlucky that the only commemoration to which foreign guests were bidden should have been the one for which preparations were the least adequate. But the great purpose of such an occasion—renewing the knowledge of the details of the event and the perception of its significance—has been fully accomplished. The daily newspapers have become histories; admirable memoirs, like JOHNSTON'S *The Yorktown Campaign*, have been published; and while the hearty good-will of other years with France and Germany has been renewed, the hostile feeling of the same years toward England has been buried in a grave over which "our old home" mourns with us. The moral of the long series of centennial Revolutionary celebrations is plain, and will be denied by no man of English blood; it is that the English colonies in America triumphantly vindicated the essential principles of English liberty.

THE ARTHUR ADMINISTRATION.

THE first month will be probably the halcyon month of President ARTHUR'S administration. He took his seat with dignity, modesty, and evident appreciation of the painful situation. He requested the GARFIELD cabinet to remain at least for a time; and the people and the press have forborne all prospective criticism. Indeed, there has been very little speculation about the general course of the new administration, but a very general expression of the hope that there would be no violent departure from the accepted spirit and purpose of that of President GARFIELD. This tranquillity and universal satisfaction, however, can not last. There must be changes, and with change will come trouble. It is now understood that the GARFIELD cabinet will retire, and that the members of its successor are already determined. The appointment of the cabinet will be the first positive act of the administration, and criticism will soon begin. The London *Spectator* said recently, in commenting upon our situation, and said very shrewdly, that a king can not be deduced from an heir-apparent. But the case is somewhat different in elective and party governments. In such governments the chief executive officers represent certain well-defined opinions and tendencies, and the succession of a Vice-President to a President does not import any surrender of his views to those of his predecessor.

General GARFIELD and General ARTHUR were both Republicans. They were nominated by the same Convention, and they were elected by the same vote. Their political views and sympathies and associations were perfectly familiar. If there was any error in the selection of either candidate, it was an error of which the party and not the candidate must bear the whole responsibility. The voters who elected General GARFIELD also elected General ARTHUR to succeed to the Presidency in the event of General GARFIELD'S death or disability, and they elected him knowing that his views and associations were not those of General GARFIELD. It is true that under our political system and practice there can be no division of the electoral votes; but that is only a conclusive reason for selecting both candidates as representatives of the same general convictions, and as agents of the same general policy. If for any secondary reason of expediency this is not done, those who omit to do it must expect to pay the penalty, if there be any penalty to pay. They can not plead that there was any understanding, express or implied, that if the President should die, the Vice-President should retain his predecessor's advisers or pursue his policy.

This is a decision which rests solely with the new Chief Magistrate, and it will depend upon his judgment of the situation. If he should think that the general course which was expected of his predecessor was one which promised greatly to strengthen the party to which both belonged, and to perpetuate its ascendency by gaining the respect and confidence of the country, he might think it wise, in the interest of that party, to forego his own predilections, and practically to continue his predecessor's administration. But this would be an exceptional course. It is to be generally expected that the successor will favor his own views within the party more than those with which he has not sympathized, and that he will surround himself with kindred advisers. This is the result fairly to be expected in the change from the GARFIELD to the ARTHUR administration. As Republicans, both the late and the present President were devoted to the same general objects. Their differences were those of methods, and of the comparative importance of objects. This is a difference which would make, of course, essentially different administrations, and that difference is what must be expected. The gentlemen selected for the cabinet will undoubtedly be taken from those Republicans who, could they have controlled the Chicago Convention, would not have nominated General GARFIELD. This view is confirmed by the names most prominently mentioned in connection with the cabinet. They are familiar names, and they are not such as to suggest a continuation of what it was supposed would be the distinctive character of the late administration. Their selection would forecast an administration very different from that which ended with the death of GARFIELD, but an administration which is to be judged fairly only by its conduct, not by prepossessions.

MACHINE-BREAKING.

THE four most machine-ridden cities in the State are New York, Brooklyn, Albany, and Buffalo. It is natural that in those cities there should be the strongest anti-machine feeling, and the most strenuous desire to emancipate the voters and restore the political initiative and control to the people. At present the great multitude of citizens are merely pawns and counters in the hands of those who make a business—and generally a trade—of politics, and the assassination of the late President has forced upon the public mind the conviction of the grave dangers that lurk in such a situation. A necessary consequence of this interest is a careful consideration of methods for breaking the degrading and destructive force of the machine. Pending the adoption of such methods, nothing will be effective but the action of the individual voter. In Pennsylvania, Mr. WOLFE has raised the standard of revolt against the machine by presenting himself as an independent candidate against the candidate of the machine. We give elsewhere a portrait of this valiant machine-breaker. In Brooklyn, a great meeting of independent citizens has nominated for Mayor Mr. RIPLEY ROPES, a gentleman of the highest character and public spirit, the kind of man whom public office ought always to seek, and for whom every independent citizen should gladly vote. We give also a portrait of Mr. ROPES, the method of whose nomination is a sign of vigorous political health; and even Mr. BEECHER, who two years ago ridiculed scratchers and bolters, now says in the meeting which nominated Mr. ROPES, "You must present to us good candidates, or we will smash your machine." In Buffalo, the *Express*, one of the most vigorous and resolute of Republican papers, bolts the local nominations in Erie County, and says, boldly and sensibly:

> "We shall keep on bolting bad nominations, even if they are ever so regularly made, so long as a corrupt machine continues to make them. And yet we shall always claim that the *Express* is a Republican paper—an independent Republican paper—one that will support the party when it is right, and try to set it right when it is wrong."

But in a system of government by party there must be some permanent and legal remedy for this mischief. In other words, the whole scheme of party nominations by caucus has failed. The people are divided into parties, but in no party have they the power of selecting candidates. It is not because they do not wish to select them, but because they are prevented. The Buffalo *Express*, which has done great service in arousing public opinion and in emancipating the people at the polls, and which shows the full courage of its convictions, has lately published two masterly communications upon "The Caucus System," which expose in the clearest light its follies and dangers, and point out a simple and practicable remedy. The system itself the writer holds to be an unmitigated evil, which can not be amended, and must be destroyed. It is in the caucus, he thinks, that the spoils system has its root, and no reform can be adequate which does not abolish that system. His remedy is one which has been recently often suggested. Mr. MACMILLAN advocates it, and Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS aimed at it in his bill of last winter. But nowhere has it been more cogently and forcibly set forth than by the writer in the Buffalo *Express*.

It consists in providing by law for the open and free nomination of candidates for office, just as the final election is regulated by law. It would of course leave parties untouched, but it would give to every member of a party an opportunity of voting to select candidates and delegates in a manner regulated by law and conducted officially. There would be no constraint. No member of a party would be bound by any nomination so made. But in every district the members of all parties would decide whether they would make nominations in that way or by the venal scramble of a machine caucus. A caucus might nominate at the will of a boss, but the voters of the party would decide whether the candidate of the caucus should be the real candidate of the party. The

trick of "regularity" would be circumvented, and instead of deciding upon an alternative of unsatisfactory candidates put up by bosses for their own purposes, and forcing every voter to strengthen the boss or connive at the defeat of the party, the voters themselves would designate the candidates, and abolish the bosses. This would restore to active politics the "good citizens" who are now excluded from public affairs, not by their own will, but by the caucus. The exhortation to "good citizens" to attend the primaries in such cities as we have mentioned is ludicrous. It is an invitation to play with sharpers, and against marked cards, confederates, and loaded dice; or if, in a great emergency like that of the overthrow of TWEED, or in a spasm of generous disgust and impatience like that which has nominated Mr. ROPES, the people instead of the professional politicians and bosses obtain control, it is known to be an exceptional event. A reasonable legal regulation would make it the rule. Every intelligent man knows that the machinery of parties, as at present constituted, produces precisely the results that we see. A simple legal regulation would throw that machinery totally out of gear. But pending such regulation the only remedy is that which the Buffalo *Express*, and Mr. WOLFE in Pennsylvania, and Mr. BEECHER in Brooklyn, recommend, and which thirty thousand New York Republicans put in practice two years ago. The only argument to which bosses and professional political traders give the least heed is defeat. The Society for Political Education could do no better service than to republish in a broadside the communication of "L." from the Buffalo *Express*.

POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS.

THE Republican State Committee of New York can not safely forget that when the late machine was overthrown, it was expected that the downfall involved methods as well as men. If it should appear that the abuses which made the machine odious are still carefully fostered, there will be an inevitable and disastrous reaction of feeling. The revolt against Conklingism was not personal to Mr. CONKLING and his satellites. It was a protest against unprincipled methods, against unscrupulous power founded upon patronage and spoils. One of the chief outrages of the machine and of bossism in New York, as in Pennsylvania, was the system of black-mailing known as political assessments, the levy of a huge tax upon the salaries of public clerks to pay party expenses. In perpetuating this abuse the new committee has incurred a very grave responsibility. Every Republican, in the public service or out of it, should pay just what he freely chooses, and may properly ask anybody else to do the same, toward the cost of the election. If this is all that is done, there can be no complaint; but why does the committee send a circular to those in the service specifying a sum which it is suggested that they should "contribute"?

Such a demand from a party committee, under the spoils system of the last fifty years, is practically a threat. Experience has taught the office-holder that not to pay is to take the risk of removal. The State Committee would not think of sending a specific demand of twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty dollars to any person employed in any capacity in the office of this journal, because it knows that his place does not depend upon the result of an election; and it sends such a summons to the public clerk only because it is supposed that he will willingly pay a round sum to retain his place. But this is part of the very evil which Senator MILLER and Mr. DEPEW justly denounced, and which the Convention declared ought to be reformed. It is this very practice of levying a percentage upon the entire public salary fund for the benefit of the party in power which makes the expenses of an election so enormous and intolerable, and which produces the dangerous conviction that the result of elections is due to corruption. Under the theory that office-holders ought to pay the expenses of elections, private contributions practically cease, and the public service is put up at auction. We have personally known the head of a great public office to exclaim, energetically, when a clerk declined to pay the demand of a committee, "D—— him! there are more than thirty men waiting to take his place, with all its incumbrances."

How is such a wrong to be righted by persisting in it? One of the appeals of the party for public support is that such practices shall cease, and if the legitimate expenses can not be defrayed except by resorting to abuses which the party promises to correct, it should be distinctly understood that the party has promised more than it means to perform. The Republican party should pay its way honorably, and take the consequences, and every Republican chief officer who does not inform his subordinates, in a way which they know to be perfectly sincere, that their positions do not depend in the least degree upon their paying or not paying the assessment levied by the State Committee, discredits the party and facilitates its defeat. In prompt obedience to this just feeling, the Postmaster at New York has reminded persons employed in the office of the ruling of the Post-office Department that political assessments are not recognized by the department, and that the position of no person will be affected either by giving or declining to give for political objects. The Collector of the Port has also stated in an interview that he issues no order upon the subject because he does not consider that he has any authority to interfere, but that he certainly should not remove a subordinate for refusing to pay a political assessment. The position of the Naval Officer upon this subject has been so frankly stated and is so well known that the circulars have not been sent into his department. The character of all these officers is the guarantee of the perfect good faith of their declarations, and every person employed in the Post-office and the Custom-house may feel that he is entirely free to give or to decline to give, as he thinks fit. This fact is one of the striking illustrations of the remarkable effect produced by a sound public opinion.

THE END CROWNING THE WORK.

THE culmination of the festivities at Yorktown was very happy, and it was what was said and done by the chief actors, not what was suffered by the visitors, which will give character to the celebration. The address of the President was singularly felicitous. It was comprehensive, earnest, just, and dignified, and it will commend itself to every citizen of the country as a most fitting expression from the American Chief Magistrate of American feeling upon the occasion.

The oration of Mr. WINTHROP was admirable in scope and temper. It was a highly finished presentation of the thoughts and lessons natural to the scene, and it was wholly free from extravagance of effort or exaggeration of rhetoric. Its tone was warm and hearty and generous, and the discourse justified the selection of the orator.

But not less happy and most striking of all was the order of the President to the national military and naval forces at Yorktown to salute the English flag. The high propriety and significance of this act at this time can not be better stated than in the words of the order itself. Dr. BELLOWS, in his late discourse, hoped that the import of the President's name recalling the famous head of the Round Table of poetic legend might be justified in his administration. The order to salute the flag of an ancient foe upon the field of his defeat is worthy of the Christian and humane spirit of the legendary King Arthur:

"In recognition of the friendly relations so long and so happily subsisting between Great Britain and the United States, in the trust and confidence of peace and good-will between the two countries for all the centuries to come, and especially as a mark of the profound respect entertained by the American people for the illustrious sovereign and gracious lady who sits upon the British throne, it is hereby ordered that at the close of these services commemorative of the valor and success of our forefathers in their patriotic struggle for independence, the British flag shall be saluted by the forces of the Army and Navy of the United States now at Yorktown. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy will give orders accordingly. CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

"By the President: JAMES G. BLAINE, Secretary of State."

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

A MEETING has been called for this week at New Haven by a large number of the most eminent citizens of Connecticut, including Dr. WOOLSEY, Senator HAWLEY, ex-Governor HUBBARD, President PORTER, F. J. KINGSBURY, and many others of the same character, to form a State Civil Service Reform Association.

The late Republican Convention of Oneida, the county in which Mr. CONKLING lives, unanimously adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That it is essential to the purity of our elections and of our legislation that the government should leave the people untrammelled in the choice of their representatives and officers; that the caucus, the convention, and the ballot-box should be independent of official patronage, and that legislators who create offices and fix their emoluments should have no part or lot in dispensing them. The Republicans of Oneida, recognizing in the practice known as the spoils system a growing and powerful incentive to revolutionary disturbance, pledge to President ARTHUR our earnest support in every endeavor to fulfill the purpose announced by his predecessor in his inaugural address of asking Congress to co-operate with the Executive in remedying by law the abuses of appointments and renewals in the civil service."

A resolution has been offered in the Minnesota Legislature asking Congress to propose an amendment to the Constitution providing that every appointive officer in the civil service shall hold for good behavior or for a prescribed term.

Among the eight subjects for the JOHN A. PORTER prize of $250 at Yale College, open to all graduates and undergraduates, is "Competition *versus* Patronage as a Method of Appointment to the Minor Civil Service."

These are some of the signs of the deep and general interest in the question of reform.

THE POETS AND POETRY OF IRELAND.

THE romance of Irish feeling is strikingly shown in a collection of *The Poets and Poetry of Ireland*, by ALFRED M. WILLIAMS, just published by J. R. OSGOOD & CO. It is an admirable selection, showing great familiarity with the subject, and a very judicious choice. The songs which are known by a line or a phrase are here, and the brief criticisms of the editor are both just and delicate. The book has an indescribable pathos. There is an under-tone of wail throughout the whole of it, like that of the negro melodies, which may seem to be either the lingering echo of a lost life or the voice of a hopeless aspiration.

There is scarcely a sadder book than the collection of poetry from the Dublin *Nation* of forty years ago, from which there are characteristic extracts in Mr. WILLIAMS's volume. The *Nation* was the literary endeavor of a group of young Irishmen, educated at the university, to arouse by fervent poetic appeals to a history long extinct and to traditions hardly known, a national feeling and effort which were incomprehensible by those to whom the appeal was addressed. The young poets presupposed a people, and wrote for them. The result was both lamentable and ludicrous.

But the sentiment which breathes through this volume is far from ludicrous, and the vivid realistic touches of the street ballads which Mr. WILLIAMS has wisely included is sometimes ghastly. All the famous Irish names in verse, except SWIFT and GOLDSMITH, who are purposely excluded as having written mainly for English readers, are in this collection, and here too is "The Nameless One" of CLARENCE MANGAN, one of the saddest poems, as the editor truly says, in literature. The book is exceedingly interesting, and Mr. WILLIAMS has done an admirable work in an admirable way.

THE NINETEENTH OF NOVEMBER.

THE 19th of November will be the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of President GARFIELD. Those who hold his memory in honor—and no man was ever more universally honored—will naturally commemorate the day. But could those who would build him an enduring monument, a monument such as he would have valued beyond any other memorial, serve his memory more fitly and wisely than by signalizing the day by the formation of unions and leagues and clubs to arouse public sentiment and to mould legislation to secure that reform in methods of administration which he declared to be essential to the continued prosperity of the government?

PERSONAL.

MR. E. B. MORGAN, who died a few days since at his home in Aurora, New York, was one of the founders of the express business in the United States, and in that, as in his various other enterprises, was very successful. He was one of the original stockholders of the New York *Times*, and next to Mr. GEORGE JONES, who owns the controlling interest, was its largest share-holder. His benevolence was large and constant, his donations to Auburn Theological Seminary alone having, it is said, reached $250,000. While in Congress (where he served for six years) he, with Mr. AMBROSE S. MURRAY, rescued CHARLES SUMNER from the brutal attack of PRESTON S. BROOKS. Throughout Central New York, and indeed wherever he was known, he was held in the highest esteem for his many admirable qualities, and for the purity and unostentatiousness of his character.

—It is said that ROBERT L. STUART, ROBERT LENOX KENNEDY, and his sister, Miss KENNEDY, have each given Mrs. GARFIELD $15,000, or $45,000 in all, and deposited the same in the Bank of Commerce, subject to her order. This, with the donations to the general fund, raises the amount to over $400,000.

—Farmer DICKENS, a nephew of CHARLES DICKENS, was recently elected a deacon of the Methodist Church by the Rock River Conference, at Sycamore, Illinois.

—Things are moving along in England. In a paper received by a late steamer we notice a paragraph which says, "Mr. SPURGEON is to be the guest of Canon WILBERFORCE at the Deanery, Southampton, during the session of the Baptist Union." When Mr. SPURGEON first began to preach, it was not at all the thing to make Baptist ministers honored guests in English deaneries. It seems to be different in '81.

—The late H. F. DURANT, one of New England's ablest lawyers, once said to Colonel T. W. HIGGINSON: "Law is the most narrowing and the most degrading of all the professions. All human law is a system of fossilized injustice, and the habitual study of it only demoralizes."

—The oldest twins in the United States are GEORGE and EDMUND GRAVELY, of Leatherwood, Henry County, Virginia. They will be ninety-three years old on the 1st of December next, and are in good health. Their mother lived to be over one hundred, and their father died at ninety.

—The Bishop of Rochester, England, Dr. THOROLD, is now on his fifth visit to this country. He was consecrated in 1877, and is fifty-six years old. His father was son of Sir JOHN THOROLD, a baronet of very ancient family and large property. His grandfather, who refused a peerage, was one of the seven members of the House of Commons who voted against the prosecution of the American war. The Bishop's wife is sister to Mr. LABOUCHERE, M.P., editor of *Truth*.

—The January number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE will contain an important article by Senator EDMUNDS on the political aspects of Mormonism.

—When the late General BURNSIDE was telegraphed by Governor SPRAGUE, during the war, asking how soon he could be ready to take command of the Rhode Island troops, he promptly answered, "In one minute."

—The new lessee of Lord BEACONSFIELD's place, Hughenden Manor, gave $150,000 to Melbourne University in memory of his brother, a Cambridge senior wrangler, who died in Melbourne while prosecuting important astronomical studies.

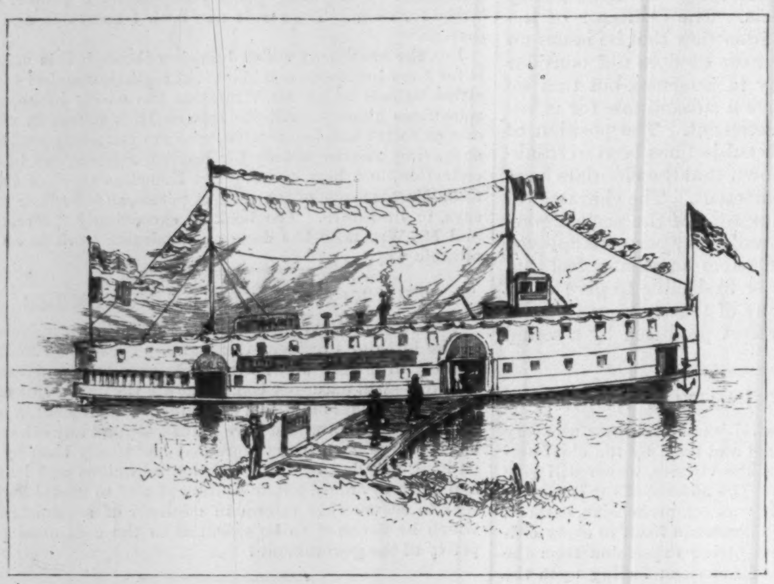
—Mr. JACKSON, the young American who has been appointed reader to the King of Würtemberg, is living in absolutely colossal clover. He is the King's closest friend, has been frescoed with titles and decorations, and has a battalion of flunkies to jump at his command. He is a cultivated young man, and pleasant, but not too utterly handsome.

—It is said that when Lord LYONS was British Minister in Washington there was attached to the legation a Mr. SHEFFIELD, son of a wealthy baronet. Mr. SHEFFIELD was very much liked by Lord LYONS, and soon became his private secretary. From that time they have been inseparable companions. Mr. SHEFFIELD has aptitude for economic details, and has entire charge of the domestic arrangements of the embassy at Paris. It is due to his skill in gastronomy that the dinners of Lord LYONS are famed for their excellence.

—They have an airy way of doing things at Leadville. When Dr. McCOSH was there recently he wished to go down a mine, whereupon a gentleman in workman's dress grasped his hand, told him he had once been a Princeton student, and led the way down his own mine; and before the Doctor departed, his new friend volunteered to create a fellowship at Princeton.

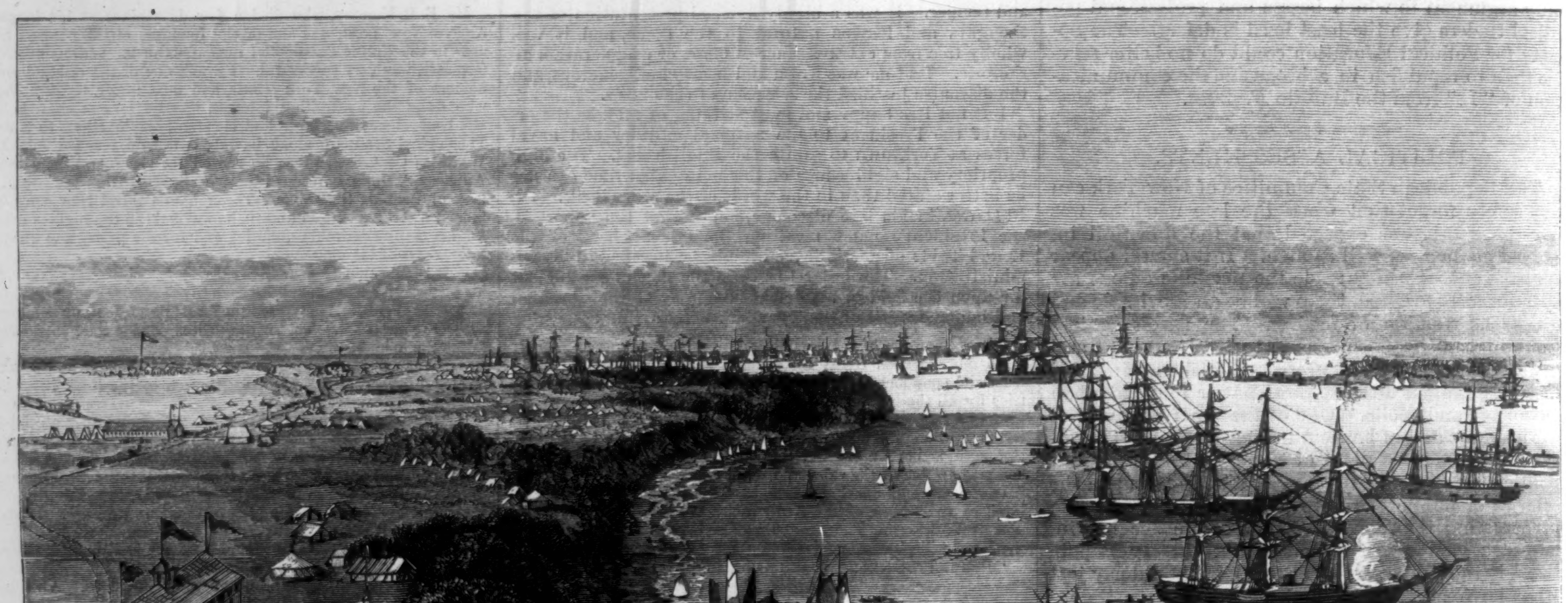
—It is said that Miss CATHERINE L. WOLFE, of this city, a lady long known for the munificence of her charities, has subscribed $50,000 for the new Episcopal memorial chapel to Bishop BERKELEY at Newport, Rhode Island. The edifice is to cost $100,000. Mr. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT is also a liberal subscriber.

—One of the wealthiest Irish peers is the Earl of Pembroke. Early in this century died Viscount FITZWILLIAM, an eccentric character, fond of literature and science, who founded and endowed the splendid Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Dying childless, he bequeathed his Irish estates to his cousin the Earl of Pembroke, with remainder to the earl's second son, SIDNEY HERBERT. Lord FITZWILLIAM had a nearer relative, but this relative had offended him. The property has since trebled in value, and is now worth about $350,000 a year. It comprises Merrion and Fitzwilliam squares and the adjoining streets, the swell-residented quarter of Dublin, and stretches away miles seaward.

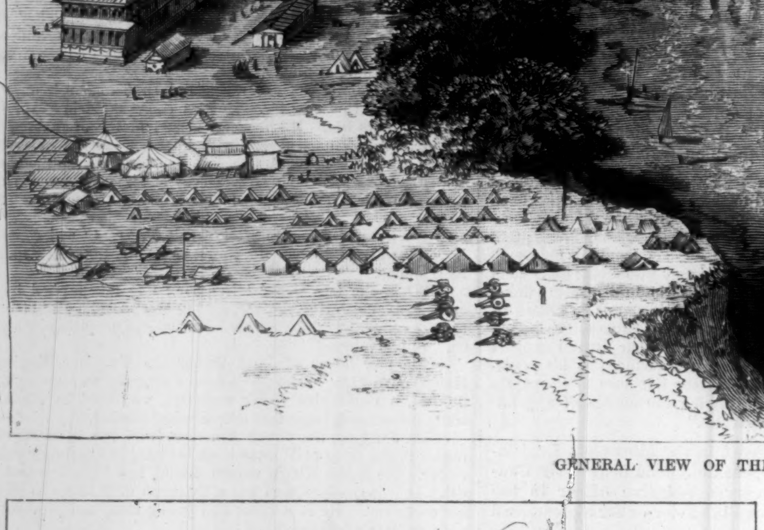


FLOATING HOTEL BARGE.

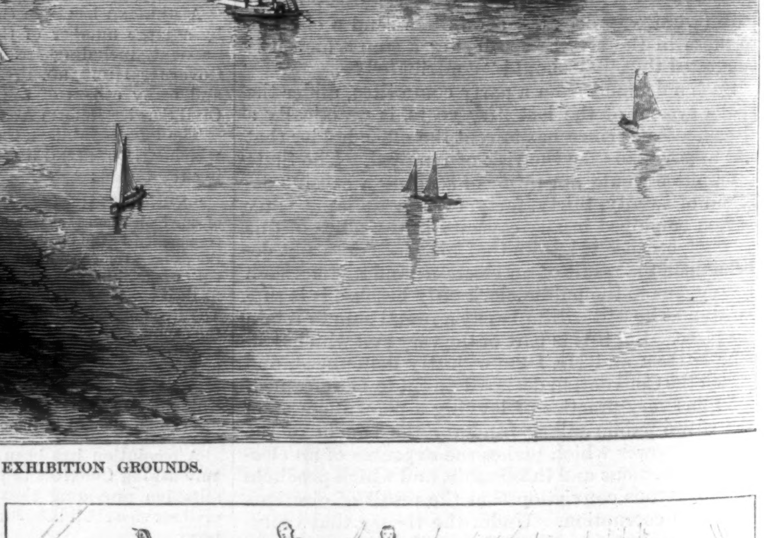
INTERIOR VIEW OF HOTEL BARGE.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

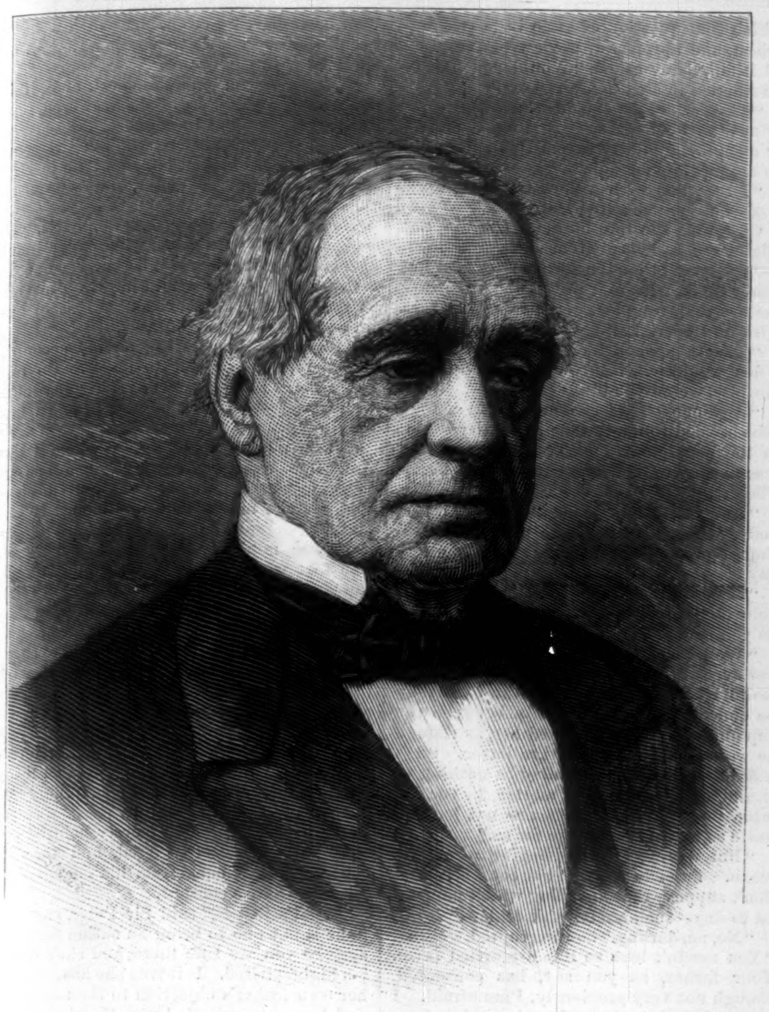


UNITED STATES TROOPS ON THE BEACH.

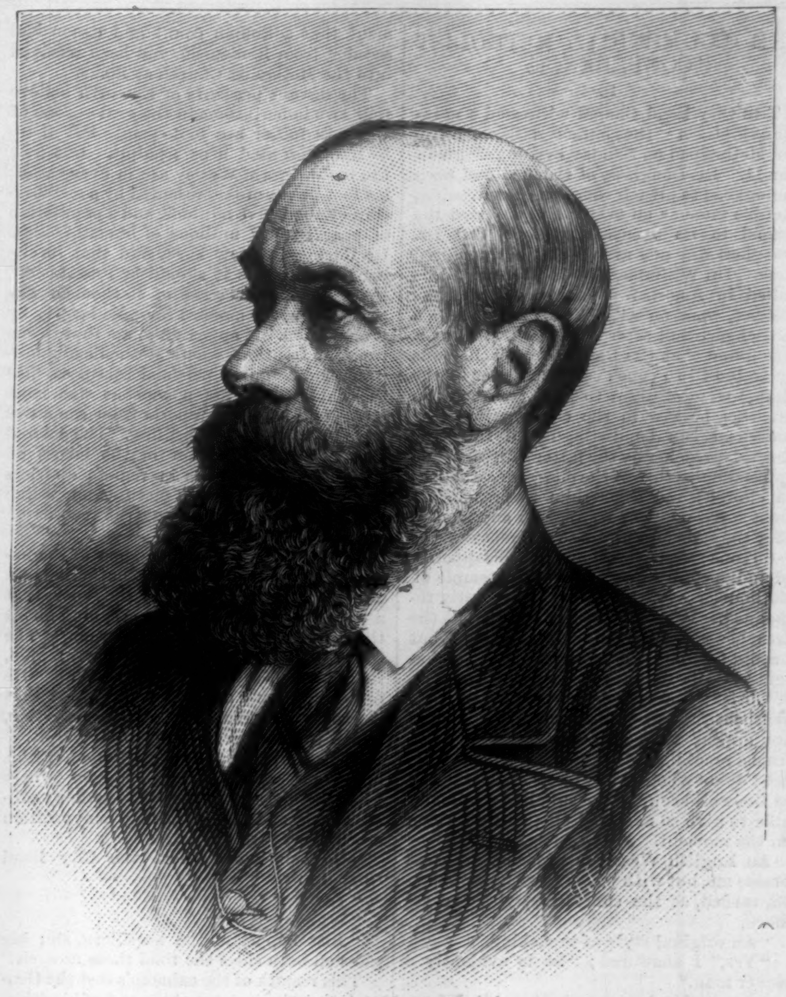


BRINGING THE BODY OF CAPTAIN McCREA ON BOARD THE "TENNESSEE."

THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 730.]



THE HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.



THE HON. LIONEL SACKVILLE-WEST.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, LONDON.

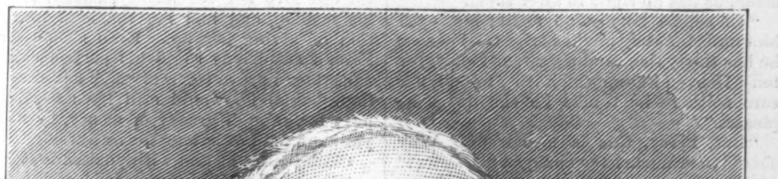
THE HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

THIS distinguished statesman, who was recently confirmed United States Minister to Spain, was born in Paris, Maine, August 27, 1809. He was prepared to enter college, but, owing to his father's death, he remained on the farm until he became of age, when he learned the business of a printer. Mr. HAMLIN is seventy-two years old, and during his career has been a member of the Maine Legislature six years (in three of which he was Speaker of the House of Representatives), member of the United States House of Representatives for four years, Governor of Maine a short time, five times Senator from Maine, Vice-President of the United States four years, and Collector for the port of Boston four years. Without possessing the higher gifts of oratory, he is a man of strong mind, clear-headed, and watchful of the interests of his State.

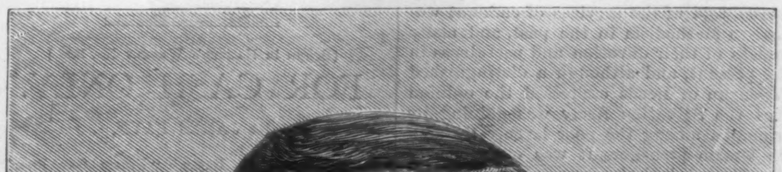
THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER.

THE HON. LIONEL SACKVILLE-WEST, who succeeds Sir EDWARD THORNTON as British Minister to the United States, comes of a very ancient family. It was founded in the reign of EDWARD II. of England by Sir THOMAS WEST, who was in high favor with that monarch, and has furnished several distinguished soldiers and statesmen to the nation. The present Minister, who is the fifth son of the fifth Earl DELAWARR, was born on the 19th of July, 1827. He has been long in public life, and has served with distinction as British Envoy to the Argentine Republic, and latterly to Spain.

The family is exceedingly wealthy. Through marriage it became possessed of Knole, one of the largest houses in England. Of venerable, picturesque aspect, this immense mansion, which has five acres of leaden roof, stands in a park of rare beauty, renowned for the splendor of its timber.



THE HON. RIPLEY ROPES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRANK E. PEARSALL.—[SEE PAGE 722.]



C. S. WOLFE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY LE RUE LEMER.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

THE ŒCUMENICAL METHODIST CONFERENCE.

II.

The City Road Chapel witnessed a notable exhibition of the characteristics of Western Methodism on Sunday evening, September 11. Dr. Douglass, of Canada, had been announced to preach there on that evening, and his fame as an orator had crowded the chapel to its utmost capacity. But Dr. Douglass did not arrive at the appointed time. Dr. Williams, who is what would be called in America presiding elder of the district, went on with the services, while a messenger went after Dr. Douglass. But it was found that the Canadian preacher was quite too ill to come. The minister of the chapel went straight to the first American preacher he saw in the congregation (the American can be distinguished from the English preacher by the latter's dress, which approximates that of the clergy of established church), and asked him to preach. It must have required courage in any man to obey the summons under such circumstances—no time for preparation, and a disappointed audience, in the chief historic temple of Methodism—yet the American promptly responded. It was whispered about that the preacher was "Dr. Daniel, of Chicago," but I could find no such name in the list of delegates. His sermon was on the Kingship of Christ; and although it contained some apotheosisms of royalty generally which did not appear to me in good taste, coming from a republican to subjects of a monarchy, yet I doubt whether any other denomination in the world could have supplied a minister able to give so able and eloquent a sermon on the moment.

An English Wesleyan preacher who sat beside me, but with whom I was unacquainted, turned, at the conclusion, with the remark,

"An original style of preaching."

"Yes," I answered; "he is evidently a clever man."

"Some of it, however, better suited for a lecture than a sermon."

"I suppose you mean the humorous passages and anecdotes."

"Yes."

"Well, I am not so certain about that; the preacher who touches the heart of his audience is very apt to make them smile first."

"But Bishop Simpson moved his audience, and there was no suggestion of laughter from first to last."

"It is still true that the fountain of laughter is near to that of tears."

A large company assembled to hear the discussion on "Women, and their Work in Methodism." Although there were pretty stories told of the services of eminent women to Methodism in the past, and many praises of their devotion and usefulness in the present, and although a distinguished Wesleyan of Leeds expressed the opinion that the Salvation Army was gaining its triumphs among the poor largely through its female preachers, it was evident that the Œcumenical Conference represented a Church decidedly conservative, not to say reactionary, on this subject. On every other day the floor of the chapel was occupied solely by one sex; but, strange to say, just as the Rev. Mr. Bourne rose to introduce this subject, a beautiful young lady came in at a door near the pulpit, accompanied by a gentleman, and took her seat in full view of the masculine assembly. The guardian of that door must have succumbed before the bright eyes of this young lady. She seemed somewhat over twenty years of age, had on a light pink dress suitable for the very warm day, her white and delicate wrists were adorned with bracelets, and she had an air which in England would be called aristocratic. I fear she competed seriously with Mr. Bourne for the attention of those near her; and I think her presence caused the hear-hears to be particularly abundant in her vicinity when one speaker said, "There is an influence and a power natural to women which men can not command." One speaker (English) said that it must be confessed that ladies connected with the Church of England do more charitable work than Wesleyan ladies. General Frost, of Nebraska, pleaded vigorously for the admission of ladies to the regular Methodist ministry everywhere.

Stanley, thou shouldst have lived to meet this hour! So might one have fairly paraphrased Wordsworth's apostrophe to Milton when the Œcumenical Conference was welcomed in Exeter Hall by all Protestant denominations except the Church of England. Had the great Dean, now dead, been living—the Dean who placed in Westminster Abbey the representation of Wesley preaching from his father's tombstone when barred out of his father's church—his would have been the great speech of that evening. He would have struck a loftier note than was sounded by the announcement that a Roman count and canon had seceded from Romanism, and been received into the Methodist Church at Rome.

The devout peasants of Epworth believe that two indentations in the grave-stone of Wesley's father are foot-prints left there by him who used it as a pulpit. But now the foot-prints of Wesley are in every land; his foot-prints are represented by a membership of about five millions, and a population of near twenty millions of human beings. Dr. Buckley, of New York, said that in citing the statistics it should be remembered that the early increase of Methodism was by triumph, the modern increase largely by propagation. It appeared to me that it was from far frontiers, where Methodism is militant, and requires personal sacrifices, that the old ring of the movement was most heard, and that the reports from the cities were by no means so thrilling. The colored Bishop Payne's account of the labors of some negro revivalists in remote districts brought before my eyes pictures much like those suggested by reading the records of John Wesley's experiences.

General Fisk told a good story of the excitement produced among Southerners in Tennessee during the war by the report that a powerful negro preacher was going about the country "preaching insurrection." The General, being officially in that region, thought it best to look the man up. He found him hard at work, and learned that it was not insurrection, but the resurrection, which was the great theme of his pulpit.

The same eminent layman (General Fisk), arriving at his station from Clapham (where he is the guest of the Rev. W. Arthur), called a cab, and the following conversation occurred:

"Do you know where the City Road Chapel is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is it?"

"Just hopposite the hartillery, sir; big guns on both sides the road there now, sir."

This remark of the cabman's cost the General an extra sixpence at the end of his drive.

On the 20th of September the Œcumenical Conference assembled for the last time. It was in a chapel heavily draped with black. Every day the opening prayer had remembered the dying President, and during the discussion on woman's influence Mrs. Garfield had been spoken of with much admiration and sympathy. But now the cruel blow had fallen, and probably no body of men in the world felt it more profoundly than this. For General Garfield was understood to be in sympathy with the popular religious movements and the ethical principles of which Methodism is the largest expression. The grief of all present was profound.

Moncure D. Conway.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER X.

A HALF-LIE.

Herbert still occupied the same lodgings in Stokeville that he had used while engaged with Fibbert & Lyster, since the town was within easy distance of the Junction, where he was now employed; and he was quite as often a guest at Oak Lodge as formerly. This was at the special desire of his uncle, however, rather than from his own wishes. If he had consulted them, he would have avoided the house where Percy was now a constant visitor, and of which it was certain he would at no distant date be the master. It was a bitter cup to him to watch the young couple whispering their soft nothings together, and to see them fly apart and become suddenly immersed in yesterday's newspaper whenever he entered the room; not because Percy was in his eyes a successful rival, but because the treasure that he valued so highly was about to pass into what he deemed unworthy hands. He had not Percy's dexterity and readiness of resource either to avoid disagreement or to escape from its consequences; and therefore he sought safety in silence, save—as in the case we have just seen—where harm seemed to threaten Clare, and imperatively to demand his interference. He withdrew himself from the society of the other two as much as possible, and always remained with his uncle after dinner, while the young couple looked through the portfolios in the drawing-room—a favorite occupation, I notice, with engaged couples, as bringing them very closely together, and admitting of little endearments between the folios.

They were engaged as usual in this artistic pastime on the evening of the day on which that question of taste in novels had arisen, and apropos of a view of the pride of Milan, Percy asked, "Would you like to be married in a cathedral, Clare?"

"That would depend on who was to marry me," was her reply. "If it was a Prince, or even a Hereditary Grand Duke, it would be appropriate enough."

"I see; but with a poor fellow like me you would prefer a Register Office."

Of course she told him (for she was not High-Church; the cult, indeed, was unknown in Stokeville) that the simple rites of a Register Office with him would be more satisfactory than the most gorgeous solemnities with an Imperial Majesty.

"That is spoken like yourself," he said. "You would never throw me over for any one else, would you?"

"Any one else?" she echoed, in a tone that seemed to imply that in all the world, in the matrimonial market at least, there was nobody to be compared with Mr. Percy Fibbert.

"And you'd stick to me in spite of everybody, 'though father and mother and a' should go mad,' as you were singing yesterday?"

"My dear Percy, you must be going mad yourself," she answered, earnestly. "What do you mean?"

"Well, I mean to be your husband, Patty; but even yet there may be obstacles. Don't look frightened, darling; I mean there may be endeavors to cause a slip between the cup and—" Here he kissed her, as though he were composing a picture letter. "It's a dead secret, and there may be nothing in it, and if there is, it don't matter, for you are mine forever; but things are not looking quite so rosy as they were for us."

"But, Percy, I can't imagine what you mean. Papa has given his consent. You don't suppose that anything which happened to-day—such a miserable trifle—"

"No, no, darling," he interrupted, smiling. "You needn't look so like a startled fawn. Your father, as you say, has consented, though not very graciously, I am afraid. I am no favorite of his, though I think from no fault of my own."

"No, darling, from no fault, I am sure, though it is a very sad misfortune. And he is not one to go back from his word."

"There I agree with you, unless his pride was wounded. If he thought, for example, that my uncle objected to it."

"But Sir Peter has all along approved of our marriage."

"So it seemed; indeed, so it may be still. But a hint has been dropped to me that his views have been altered."

"His views? What have his views to do with us?" cried Clare, with a flush on her cheek and a flame in her gray eyes. "I mean, he has no right to alter them."

"Of course he has no right; but with him unfortunately might is right. Because he has thirty thousand a year, or twenty, or ten—Heaven knows which it is, I don't, nor care neither—he thinks he can do as he pleases."

"But, Percy, this is monstrous. Why should your uncle have changed his views?"

"I can scarcely tell you, darling; I can myself only guess at the reason, and—and—it is rather difficult to explain. Milly has been here a good deal lately, has she not?"

"Mildred? Yes, she has; but what has that to do with it?"

"Nothing; or at least it may be nothing; I am only hazarding a guess. What has she come about?"

"Well, I suppose about poor papa. Since he is so very ill, it is only natural. And of course I can not get to the Hall myself."

"True; and her manner has not struck you as being different in any way?"

"Perhaps she has been graver than usual; but that was to be expected."

"Has she been asking no questions?"

"About us? No, none at all. She takes all that of course for granted. She has meant, I am sure, to be very kind, though I did not much like it: such things jar on me."

"What things?"

"Well, I scarcely like to say; girls are so different. Milly can talk, for instance, of what will take place if anything should happen to her father, quite coolly. She says she is a woman of business."

"Then her character must have lately developed in that direction," observed Percy, smiling.

"Well, so I should have said myself. She has taken, however, to talk about my future, hoping that I shall be as well off as everybody expects, as if I expected or thought of such things, and speaking of dear papa as though he were already dead and gone; and I don't like it, Percy, though of course she means it kindly. 'I take such an interest in your affairs, dear Clare,' she tells me, when I remonstrate."

"Ay, and she does," said Percy, so significantly that Clare looked up, amazed.

"My darling, this is a matter," he continued, earnestly, "concerning which I have been in two minds as to whether I ought to speak of it to you or not."

"Of course you ought to speak of it, if it concerns yourself, Percy," she answered, tenderly, "for you and I are one."

"Just so; that is what you must remember, darling, whatever happens; no matter what arguments are used, nor who uses them; yes."

He said this with great emphasis, yet looked at her with a certain tender indecision. His handsome face was what is called a speaking one, and he was a master of the art of suggestion as well as of expression.

"If you are hesitating on my account, Percy, I pray you not to do so. Do not spare me. I can bear anything but suspense, and—and," she added, beneath her breath, "separation."

"It is not you, darling, of whom I am thinking," sighed Percy; "I mean as to 'sparing'; and you must pardon my hesitation, for the matter is very difficult to explain."

It was not only difficult, but delicate. The fact was that Sir Peter had dropped, the day before, a very broad hint to his nephew concerning the possibility of Mr. Lyster not "cutting up" so well as was expected, and of the necessity that there would be in that case of his (Percy's) breaking off his engagement. "The firm," he said, "wants money; we are about to extend our transactions much more widely in view of this great revival of trade; and I will not have my nephew, who is also my partner, marrying into a pauper's family."

Instead of getting into a passion, as Sir Peter hoped, Percy had merely pointed out that his word was pledged, and that he could not draw back from his engagement without Clare's consent.

"That's just it," said Sir Peter, eagerly; "she is not one to bring an action for damages, so you are safe there, and she's devilish high-spirited. Is it true she has got over her own father's objection to the match?—and I am precious glad now that he did object; but if she was made aware that I myself had (for whatever reason) become opposed to it, her pride would be wounded, and she would let you slip at once."

Percy admitted this even to himself. Nothing would be easier than to slip out of marrying Clare Lyster; and unless he himself openly offered resistance to his uncle's iron will (which he did not dare to do), he felt that that gentleman's scheme was likely to take effect. On the other hand, Clare was a woman, and if her jealousy could be aroused, that, in addition to her strong sense of justice and her complete confidence in his affection, would render her adamant. He did love her vehemently, madly, after his fashion, and had not the least intention of giving her up. Even should Sir Peter's suspicions as to his partner's circumstances prove correct (which he deemed improbable) he would still have married her; for, though greedy of money, he was yet more fond of having his own way.

Clare looked at him with puzzled face.

"Your words, Percy, grow more and more mysterious. If your uncle has altered his views, and wishes to withdraw his consent to our marriage—well, I will not say what I think about him, as he is your uncle; but I confess I don't see why you should spare him in talking to me."

Her color was high, her voice was firm: it was clear that Sir Peter's view of her character had been a correct one. She was growing very indignant.

"My darling, it is not Sir Peter—or rather, he is urged on, as I am convinced, in this matter, by some one else, who has her own reasons for wishing our marriage to be broken off."

"Is it possible you mean your cousin Mildred?"

He nodded. "Yes, I am shocked and ashamed to say that I believe it is. It is all the more dreadful because she allows it to be understood that Frank Farrer is paying attentions to her. The fact, however, is as I state it. Of course she would deny it, and we must keep the secret to ourselves, but that is the key of it. She is jealous of you."

Clare for a moment looked incredulous. Then she called to mind what Gerald had said about Percy having proposed to her because his cousin had refused him or would not accept him. There might, then, be just this scintilla of truth in the statement (which she had hitherto set down to sheer ill-nature on Gerald's part), that Mildred loved Percy. Was it not likely that she should love him? Who could help it? On the other hand, how unmaidenly and disgraceful it was in his cousin, when he had made his choice, thus to strive to come between them!

"If this is true, Percy, I shall tell Mildred what I think of her."

"Then you will ruin me," said Percy, sim-

ply. "Do you suppose she would ever forgive me for having told you the truth? No; she would make Sir Peter my enemy for life. I have told you all, under the seal of secrecy, because I had confidence in your judgment as well as in your fidelity. I hope, Clare, that confidence is not misplaced?"

"What is it you would have me do?" said she, hoarsely. Her face was very white; she held the hand which he had placed in hers with spasmodic tightness.

"Nothing; I would only have you be secret and quite firm. You will never give me up, I know, at the bidding of another woman."

"Indeed I will not. If you really love me, nothing shall part us."

"That is what I told my uncle—I mean as to my own intentions," he added, hastily, marking her quick flush. "He felt that nothing could move me, but he hopes by appealing to your pride to get you to throw me over."

"What! into Mildred's arms?"

"Well, he didn't say that, of course; but I know what it all meant. She has been angling for me ever so long, and is now desperate."

"This is shocking, horrible, Percy."

"Then think what it must have cost me to disclose it to you. For a man to have to say such things of a young woman—and his own cousin too—is beyond measure painful. But I was obliged to tell you. I saw no other way out of it."

"But how shall I see her, how shall I speak to her, when she comes to-morrow?"

"Just as usual. Keep on saying to yourself, If she suspects that I know about her, my Percy is ruined. To be forewarned is to be fore-armed; we now know exactly what we are about."

Clare passed her hand over her forehead as if she was very far from knowing. "You have distressed me beyond measure," she said.

"I can see that; I felt only too sure that it would be so; but I had no alternative. Whatever pressure is put upon you, darling, remember from whence it comes, and cling to the man that loves you." He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her. "I shall leave you now," he said, "for I am sure you will be better alone. Good-night—good-night."

Upon the whole Percy congratulated himself upon the result of his *coup*. He felt that he had bound Clare to him as with links of iron. If he had known what was going on in Mr. Lyster's study at that moment, he would perhaps have congratulated himself still more. Of course he was playing a very dangerous game; but he could rely upon Clare's not revealing to any one the secret he had so ingeniously invented. Curiously enough, his fiction had some foundation in fact; his cousin Mildred was really in love with him; but as for her father furthering her views in that direction, he would as soon have thought of setting fire to the Fibbert Museum.

CHAPTER XI.

IN CONFIDENCE.

"It is a nasty book—a vile, prurient book," exclaimed Mr. Lyster, angrily; he was pointing to the unfortunate novel that had been the subject of dispute that morning, as though it had been *Black Beetles* instead of *Butterflies*. It lay upon his study table half read—which was all it was likely to be—and his observations upon it were addressed to Herbert Newton, sitting opposite to him, with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the fire.

"I knew you would not like it, sir, and I knew you would not like Clare to read it. That was why I remonstrated with Percy against putting it into her hands."

"Like it!—like a book which treats of a woman marrying her lover to her own daughter! It is not fit for a man to read, much less a girl."

"It is to be remembered, however, that many girls do read it. Taste is very different to what it was in your day. Moreover, neither you nor I are perhaps very good judges of novels."

"I admit that; but one knows what is poisonous. One would think that any man who gave such a book to the girl he was engaged to marry must do it with some vile motive—to debauch her mind."

"No, no, sir; you are going too far," exclaimed the other, earnestly. "I almost regret that I brought it under your notice. Good heavens! what are you at, uncle?"

With an exclamation of wrath and disgust the sick man had thrown the book into the fire, and at the same moment struck his right hand against the mantel-piece with such violence that he sank into his chair with a feeble cry of pain.

"It is nothing," he murmured, looking at the blood as the other wiped it away with his handkerchief; "the pain is nothing as compared with what I feel here," and he indicated his heart with his other hand. "To think that I must leave my darling, body and soul, in the power of that man!"

The same thought was in Herbert's mind also, but, far from giving it expression, he did his best to rob it of its barbs.

"You must not charge Percy hastily, uncle; he is still very young, and Mildred, with whom he has been brought up, is so altogether unlike your daughter. Men judge of women by their own female belongings, and he does not understand your daughter."

"Nor does she understand him," replied the old man, bitterly. "She thinks him noble, generous, and straightforward."

"And since she is to be his wife, it is better for her to think it," answered Herbert. "My prayer is that her eyes may never be opened."

The old man shook his head. "Such glamour does not last; and when she comes to know him as he is, the disenchantment will be terrible."

"After all, we may both be wrong," urged Herbert; "and we are scarcely fair judges—at least I know I am not. With others, who have had equal opportunities of knowing him, Percy Fibbert is a great favorite."

"Yes; he is clever enough—too clever."

"Above all, uncle, he loves Clare. That at least must be conceded to him, and—and that of course is a great matter."

"Her love will not reclaim him," answered the sick man, inexorably. "I have looked at the matter all round a thousand times, Herbert: my darling has chosen ill for herself."

Herbert too had looked at the matter as often, and thought the same, but it was no part of his duty to strengthen the other's sad presentiments. "Let us hope for the best, uncle," he said.

The old man smiled scornfully. "When we come, as I have come, Herbert, to the brink of our own grave, that sort of hope grows very thin, and we see through it the facts beyond it."

There was a long silence, during which each sat—the old man and the young—wrapped in his own bitter thoughts. They were like a father and son who (as sometimes happens) have associated with that relationship that of elder and younger brother.

"Herbert, my hand hurts me very much. It was foolish of me to give way to passion." In his own mind he felt it to have been madness, for, with his health in so critical a state, even a lame hand might help to beckon death to come a little quicker. "Sit down and write a line for me to Mr. Roden."

Mr. Roden was an uncle of Clare's by the mother's side, and she had shared with him—which he had not a little resented—their father's wealth. That had happened so long ago, however, that the grievance had almost ceased to exist, and he was on friendly terms with the Lysters. But up to this time, though repeatedly invited, he had never paid a visit to Stokeville. He was a dilettante and a valetudinarian, a bachelor who almost lived at his club, and rarely left town except for Brighton. Mr. Lyster and he had occasionally met in town, but they had nothing in common, and rather despised one another. Herbert, who knew the relation between them, involuntarily lifted his eyebrows as he took up his pen.

"You are thinking it strange," said Mr. Lyster, "that I should have anything to say to Mr. Roden at a time like this. But when one is dying, one clings, as if one was drowning, to straws. When I am gone, Clare will be absolutely without a counsellor. It had been my hope that you yourself—"

Herbert shook his head. "No, sir. I should be of no use in that way; indeed, I should be worse than useless. Any interference of mine would be resented excessively."

"No doubt; though not, I am sure, by Clare," answered the other, earnestly. He had had in his mind quite another hope respecting Herbert; but it was just as well that he had been thus interrupted. Perhaps the other read his thoughts in his face, for the pen trembled in his hand. Our might-have-beens are like the jasmine and the rose, which turn some even strong men sick and faint.

"What shall I write, sir? I have only got the date, December 6."

"The 6th? Alas! I hoped it was the 7th," murmured the other, unconsciously.

"Why the 7th?"

"Ay, you may well say that, lad," answered the sick man, recovering himself, and calling up a smile. "The fancies of a sick man are inexplicable even to himself. Go on, please, from my dictation."

"Dear Roden,—I am in very bad health, so bad that unless you come to see us this Christmas, I fear we shall never meet again. I especially wish you to make the acquaintance of your niece: remember you are the only near relative she will possess when I am gone. We shall be able to make you pretty comfortable, I hope, at Oak Lodge, and I am sure my partner, Sir Peter, will do everything in his power to make your stay at Stokeville agreeable.

"Yours, faithfully, John Lyster."

"Does he know Sir Peter?" inquired Herbert.

"Not personally. But don't you recollect when Roden dined with us at the club in town how handsomely he spoke of him?"

"To be sure," laughed Herbert; "about the museum, and so on. Mr. Roden seemed to be much impressed by our Stokeville magnates. I should think he liked big people generally. He didn't like my calling him uncle, I remember—I suppose because I wasn't big enough."

"On the contrary, it was because you were too big: Roden affects to be young still. He will not be much good to Clare, I fear; but he will be better than nobody, and he is her natural guardian. I'll get Oldcastle to meet him."

Mr. Oldcastle was Mr. Lyster's lawyer.

"But he always goes away at Christmas into Berkshire."

"True, I had forgotten that. Add this postscript to the letter. 'If you can come at once to us, so much the better; it will probably be more convenient, as I know men like you are sought after in scores of country houses about Christmas-time.' Then just add that I am employing you as my amanuensis because I have lamed my hand."

[to be continued.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Some rough fellows invaded a prayer-meeting in Latrobe—a Pennsylvania borough of a few more than a thousand inhabitants, and seven churches—and behaved like outlaws. The only thing they did indicating any acquaintance whatever with the usages of polite society was to carry off several valuable umbrellas that had been left in the vestibule.

This is the season when fading circus posters on fences, rocks, and dead-walls in the suburban districts are eclipsed by placards bearing the names of candidates for office, accompanied by directions to voters as to how the country may be saved.

The news went out not long ago that there was a scarcity of cats in the town of Hawthorne, Nevada; and lo! there are now ten cats to every ridge-pole, all determined to stay and grow up with the town.

A Democratic newspaper in Ohio gives notice that the Democrats do not desire sympathy in their defeat. "They nearly always come down stairs that way," it explains, "and are used to it."

The name of the politest man in Boston is withheld, lest he be compelled to devote the best of his energy to the monotonous task of picking himself up from the sidewalk. It is related of him that while he was hurrying along the street, a stranger, also in great haste, rushed out of an alleyway, and the two came in collision with such force that the recoil sent them off their feet. The polite man was the quicker in getting his breath. Removing his hat, he said: "My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it;" and he disappeared around a corner.

In the stone floor of the Grafton (West Virginia) court-house vestibule is the word "Justice" in large letters. An old resident who had just lost a suit was walking out of the building, sadly and with eyes cast down. Seeing the letters in the floor, he halted, uncovered his head, and spoke: "Justice, I knew you was dead, but I didn't know where you was buried until now."

Although modern duels in Virginia are not alarmingly fatal affairs, there are always two less voters in the commonwealth after a duel has taken place, the law disqualifying duellists from voting or holding office till the disability has been removed. Politicians look upon this matter less seriously than they might were it not for the fact that the effect of such encounters is generally to "pair" partisans of opposite faith.

A shower of cobwebs is reported to have occurred a short time ago in Green Bay, Wisconsin. This would seem to be drought in its last stage.

A party of lynchers rode out from Socorro, Texas, and hanged a man whom they suspected of robbery. After the execution, they discovered that two of their number were seated on stolen horses. The brief trial resulted in conviction, and two more bodies were soon dangling beside that of the robber. At this point it was agreed all around that the demands of justice had been fully met, and that if the proceedings were not stopped, there would be no one left to corroborate the last man in his account of the affair.

A writer in a Southern paper is convinced that there is less of romance in the many elopements of young lovers in that section than has been generally supposed. He is authority for the bald statement that more than half of the so-called elopements are the result of connivance on the part of all concerned, in the interest of economy, since they do away with the expense of wedding outfits, presents, and receptions. "In the country," he writes, "it is considered highly sensational and romantic for a young fellow to snatch up his sweetheart, place her in a buggy, and drive furiously through the mud and rain twenty miles to get married, no matter if all the family are perfectly agreeable to the match. It is only occasionally, however, that an elopement furnishes any sensation or romance."

The detectives who caught the Iron Mountain train robbers arranged to divide nine thousand dollars of the stolen money among themselves, which, with the ten thousand dollars offered by the railroad company, would have made nearly five thousand for each of the four detectives. One of them cleared his conscience by exposing the plot.

A horrid theorist suggests that the earth in its sweep around the swiftly advancing sun may be about entering one of those torrid streaks which the French mathematician Poisson believed to exist in space—places so hot that having passed through one of them ages ago, the earth is cooled now only as to its crust. The theorist sets forth that the unusual disturbances this year throughout the solar system harmonize with that theory. But what Poisson said about the earth's acquirement of internal heat has been generally regarded by scientific men as a fish story.

Congressman Blackburn's fellow-travellers on a railway train in Texas not long ago were mostly cow-boys. They stopped the train at dead of night, and invited him to make a speech. The account of the episode says that the Kentucky orator "thought it best to comply," and adds that he spoke of the Lone Star State in such glowing terms that his audience fired a revolver volley by way of applause. Thus it is shown that if speech-making is a weakness of Americans, it may on occasions become their strength.

It is said that one of the present Yale Freshmen went to New Haven twenty years ago, and passed the examination, but did not enter. In those days a college course did not hold out to every ambitious young man the possibility of some time being pitcher in a League nine, with a bigger salary than the president of the college himself, and a vacation three times as long as his. By-the-way, it would be interesting to know how many of those who were examined twenty years ago, and did enter the college, could pass the entrance examination now.

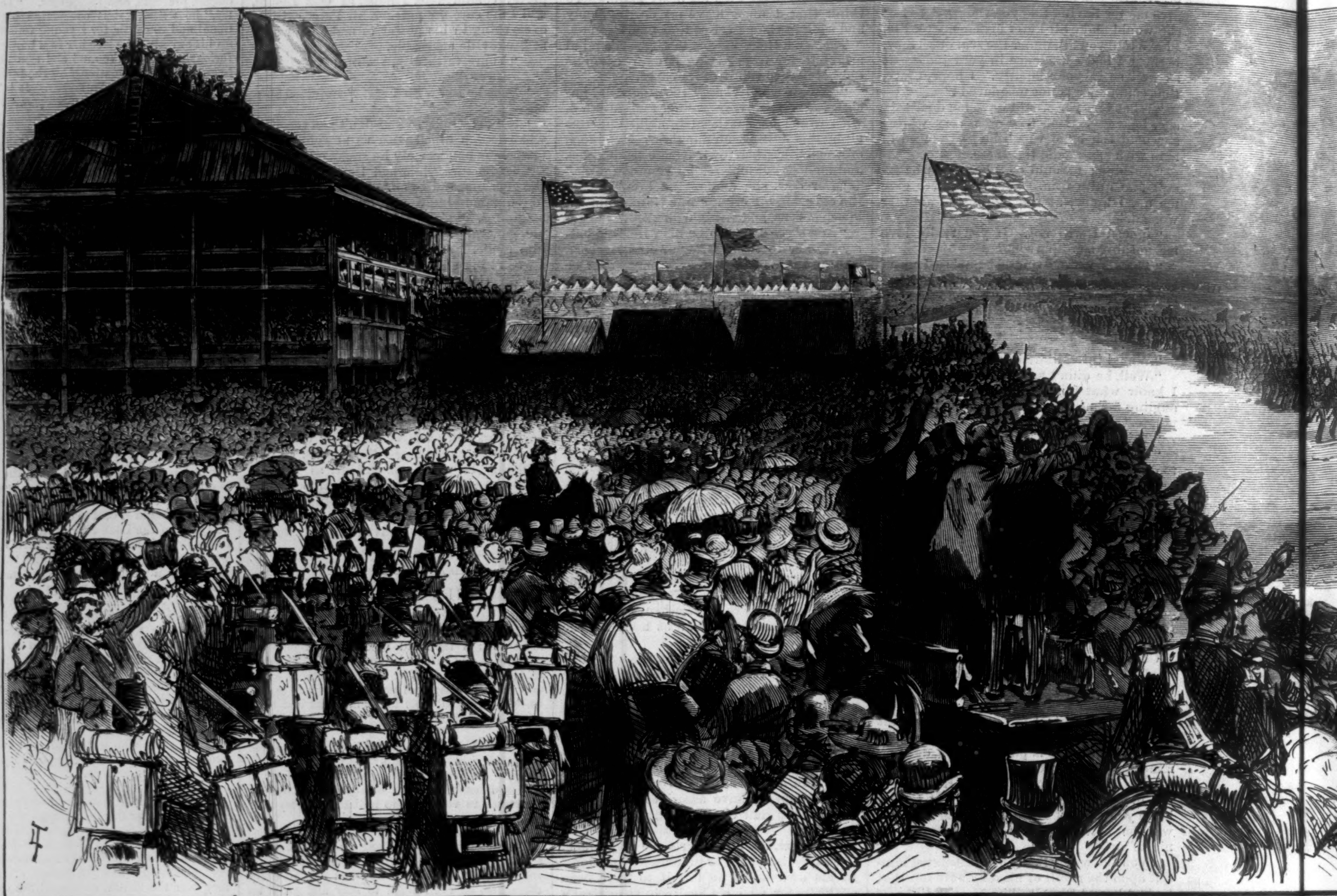
The Scotch-English cutter *Madge* went East, and was defeated, for the first time on this side of the Atlantic, by the *Shadow*. Later, the *Wave*, which boat she outsailed in New York Bay, went to Eastern waters, and was again worsted by the Scotchman. Eastern yachtsmen, after their victory over the visitor, expressed the opinion that the *Wave's* defeat was in part owing to her being badly handled. It is the opinion of some disinterested experts here that, as regards racing trim or condition, there is about the same difference between the *Madge* and her American competitors that there is between a racing shell—with polished sides and bottom, perfectly made outriggers and locks, and nicely adjusted seats and stretchers—and a very ordinary sort of practice boat.

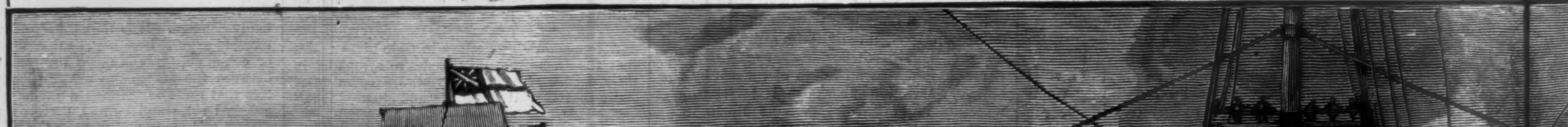
The arrival of the new Canadian yacht *Atlanta* in these waters has occasioned a flurry in yachting circles, insomuch as she was built for the express purpose of taking the American trophy, generally and incorrectly styled the Queen's Cup. When the news that such a movement was on foot in Canada reached New York, the builder of the famous *Arrow* was commissioned by the officers of the New York Yacht Club to build a craft that should be swifter than the *Arrow*, and he promised to try. The new yacht is the *Pocahontas*, and in her trials she has failed to meet the expectations of those who relied upon her to retain the cup. She will be considerably altered, in view of faults which have been discovered. Perhaps yacht-building is like fiddle-making, in that the maker himself is not sure whether he has produced a valuable article till it has been rigged and tested.

Snow has fallen this season to the depth of ten inches around Lyon City, Montana.

A Nevada editor called his paper the *Oasis*. It died, but he thinks he can at least keep its memory green.

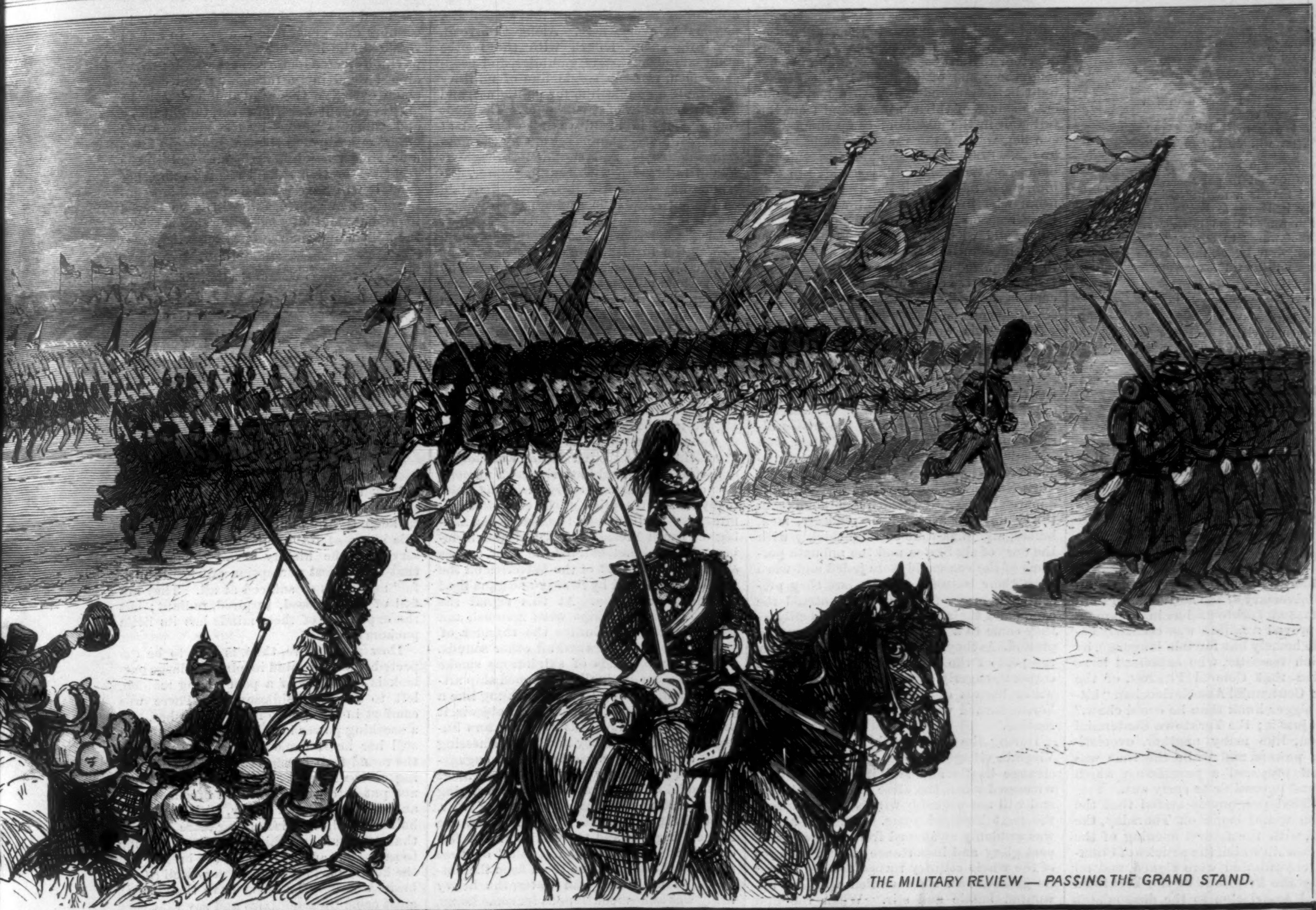
A curious fact in connection with the United States Treasury is that there are now outstanding government bonds to the amount of some twenty million dollars on which interest has ceased. Money to the full value of these bonds has to be kept idle in the Treasury vaults, because it is not deemed safe to presume that the whole of them may not be presented, without notice, for redemption; and when bonds of a certain class fall due, money with which to redeem them is set apart, to remain there till the bonds are taken up. It is a standing joke at the Treasury that bondholders never read the newspapers. No matter how often the lists of bonds on which interest has ceased are published, their publication is without apparent effect. A gentleman took an old seven-thirty bond to the Treasury recently, and was very angry when told that the interest on it had ceased several years ago. He insisted that he should be paid interest up to date. It is believed that some of the missing bonds were destroyed in the great Chicago and Boston fires, and that others are hoarded by persons who are satisfied to lose the interest so long as they know that the principal is secure, while a considerable proportion of them is supposed to be held by persons who think that the securities are still drawing interest.



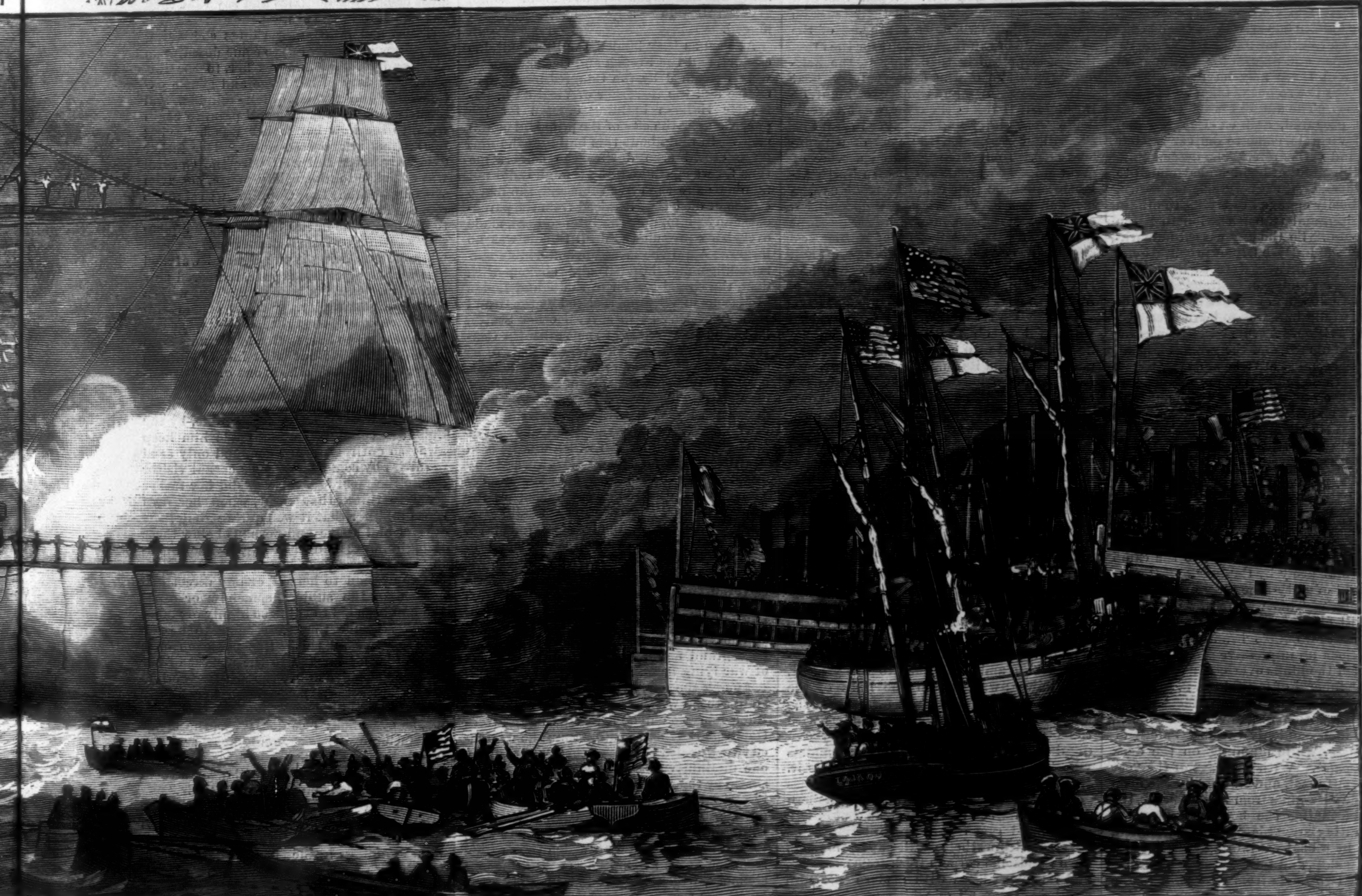


THE NAVAL REVIEW—SALUTING

THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL—THE MILITARY AND NAVAL



THE MILITARY REVIEW — PASSING THE GRAND STAND.



SALUTING THE BRITISH FLAG.

AVAL REVIEWS.—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 730.]

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

If there come some joy to me,
  Would you have me stay,
With that joy to sweeten life?
  "Yes, Heart, stay *to-day*."
Well, then, if I have a dream
  Of some coming sorrow,
Shall I wait to feel its fear?
  "That will do *to-morrow*."

If unto some loving heart
  I've a debt to pay?
"Ah! that is a mighty debt.
  Pay it, Heart, *to-day*."
If I'm forced from bitter wrongs
  Cruel words to borrow?
"Then, dear Heart, there is no haste;
  Keep them till *to-morrow*.

"Duty, Kindness, and Success
  Lose by slow delay:
Duty hath a double right
  When it claims *to-day*;
Kindness dies if it must wait;
  Success will not stay—
Unto them comes no *to-morrow*,
  If they lose *to-day*.

"But for Debt and Doubt and Anger,
  But for useless Sorrow,
Better you should wait a day:
  Keep them for *to-morrow*.
And as every day's *to-day*,
  You may patience borrow,
Thus forever to put off
  Such a bad *to-morrow*."

THE YORKTOWN CELEBRATION.

That the grand celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown has in so large a measure proved a failure was concisely explained, in homely but forcible language, by a Virginian teamster, who expressed it as his opinion that Colonel Peyton, of the Yorktown Centennial Association, had "bitten off a bigger hunk than he could chaw." That was just it; the Yorktown Centennial Association, like many another, overestimated its powers, and while the time was yet far off prepared a programme which it was found impossible to carry out.

This official programme stated that the celebration would begin on Thursday, the 13th inst., with the formal opening of the Moore house, in which the articles of Cornwallis's capitulation were signed, and an address by the President of the Yorktown Centennial Association to the descendants of the officers and soldiers of the Revolution. The Moore house was opened on that day, as it had been on many others, to receive workmen and several loads of modern furniture, and there may have been some formality, but it was not evident to the casual observer. The address for the descendants was prepared, and ex-Congressman Goode, of Virginia, came to deliver it; but he could find no hearers. The descendants very sensibly staid at home and attended to their business, or, if they were at Yorktown, were too busily engaged in trying to obtain food, lodging, and transportation to listen to Mr. Goode. So the day passed unmarked save by the hurly-burly of preparation.

On Friday, addresses were to have been delivered by a number of distinguished gentlemen, none of whom appeared; and in the evening a grand ball was to have been given in the Pavilion. As this building was far from being finished, and the grand ball, had it taken place, must have been a stag party, as there were no ladies on the grounds, this portion of the programme was also omitted.

The announcement for Saturday was of a Grand National Regatta, whether sailing or rowing not stated, winning crews to receive Yorktown centennial silver prizes, with pyrotechnic displays and illuminations in the evening. Neither of these events took place, nor did the gentlemen of the committee make any apologies for the failure to provide the advertised amusements.

Visitors were first attracted to the camp of the regular army by the music of the artillery band of sixty-nine pieces playing for guard mount. This was followed by battalion drill on the parade-ground in front of General Hancock's head-quarters. At eleven o'clock an impressive scene was witnessed from the bluffs overlooking the river. It was the funeral of Captain E. P. McCrea, of the *Tennessee*, as gallant an officer and as thorough a gentleman as ever trod a deck, who had died suddenly the day before, of heart-disease, while standing on the deck of the *Dispatch*. With the flags of the fleet flying at half-mast, and saluted by the deep boom of minute-guns from the *Tennessee*, the casket containing the body was lowered into a waiting steam-launch. The launch, preceded by a boat containing the chaplain of the flag-ship, and followed by a long procession of two boats from each ship in the river, containing officers of the navy, circled in a wide sweep around the fleet before steaming alongside the *Yantic*, on board which the dead officer was conveyed to Hampton Roads.

In the afternoon of the same day General Hancock, who had arrived the day before, paid his first formal visit to the camp of the regulars, and gave a reception at his head-quarters to its officers. As he entered his tent the guns of Captain Pennington's light battery thundered forth a major-general's salute of thirteen guns, and from the tall staff in the middle of camp the American flag was for the first time flung to the breeze. Standing in front of his tent, the handsome General, as his men love to call him, shook hands with the fifty or more officers who in full-dress uniform tendered their respects, addressed most of them by name, and with an intimate acquaintance with the details of the camp that delighted them, inquired concerning the condition of their respective commands. During the reception the artillery band played its choicest selections on the parade-ground.

While this was taking place at head-quarters a reception of another sort, and to a set of officers and soldiers who offered as strong a contrast in personal appearance as could be possibly afforded, was taking place on the outskirts of the camp. It was the hearty welcome tendered by the troops already in camp to the travel-stained men of Captain Sinclair's light battery of the Third Artillery, from Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor. They had just arrived, after a march of 465 miles, which had taken them thirty days to accomplish. Officers, men, horses, and guns were covered thickly with the dust of six States, and the animate portions of the command were jaded and worn with their toilsome march; but they presented a brave front as they entered the camp, and their bugles rang out merrily as they came to a halt on their own camping ground. As they halted, two splendid hounds, the pets of the battery, held in leash by a corporal, eagerly sought one of the sunken water barrels of the camp, and men and horses turned wistful eyes in the same direction.

During the past month the sleepy little Virginia village has been the scene of such strange bustle and activity as it has not witnessed since the close of the civil war, and will not probably witness again during the next hundred years. A month ago it was suddenly awakened from its dreams of past glory and importance to find the eyes of the whole country turned toward it, and its grass-grown streets filled with an unwonted bustle and stir. When the first company of regulars pitched their tents on the great plain two miles southeast of the village, and began to prepare it for the army that was presently to occupy it, the half-hourly passage of the solitary ferry-boat between Yorktown and Gloucester Point, on the opposite bank of the river, was an event. A few weeks later, and the river in front of the village resembled the port of a populous city. In it were gathered a score of great ships of war, all of our own North Atlantic squadron that could be made available, and two French frigates, a dozen first-class yachts, a great number of steam-ships and steamboats, and dozens of sailing vessels, besides a vast shoal of fishing craft and native boats. New wharves were built for the occasion, and for two weeks the water-front was a scene of indescribable activity.

On the land the transformation was as wonderful as on the water. The village had expanded into a city of shanties, tents, and booths, and its quaint brick court-house had become a lodging-house, as had most of its still quainter pre-Revolutionary buildings. Its streets, no longer grass-grown, were heavy with the continuous passage to and fro of a thousand teams, and thronged with a restless multitude of sight-seers, soldiers, venders, gamblers, thieves, and itinerants of all kinds, whose shouts and laughter blended with strains of martial music and the thunder of heavy guns. In the midst of all this turmoil, gray with age, massive, and overgrown with ivy, rose the most impressive monument of the time of the surrender—the old Nelson house. Unaffected by the mushroom growth surrounding it, unadorned by a shred of the gay bunting which covered the rest of the town, it stood alone, a relic of the past, dreaming of scenes of long-ago glories, and indifferent to the present. Two miles away, within the lines of the great camp on the Temple farm, stood the Moore house, equally old and famous with the other, but robbed of the beauty and dignity of age by the hands of the vandals who had dared desecrate and *modernize* it. Instead of an antique, as American antiques go, it is in every respect a model modern country villa, smart with a fresh coat of red, yellow, and green paint, its interior walls covered with æsthetic wall-paper, its floors with handsome carpets fresh from the loom, and its rooms filled with modern furniture and bric-à-brac, all of which advertise the dealers who furnish them.

From the camp to the town the road was of deep sand, from which for weeks the wheels of an unbroken stream of vehicles and tramp of innumerable feet raised vast clouds of blinding, suffocating dust that settled and penetrated everywhere. Along this road, lined its entire length with the booths and tents of hucksters, gamblers, and peep-show men, ran the single line of military telegraph, a double line for public use, and a continuous row of street lamps. The great camp, a city in itself, was also lighted at night with street lamps set out by the government troops, and supplied throughout its entire breadth with running water, distributed by means of miles of iron pipes laid on the surface of the ground, and discharging into sunken hogsheads placed at short intervals. This was also government work, as was the furnishing and erecting of the twelve hundred large hospital tents used by the various militia and civil organizations. In fact, what the government did not do in aid of this great celebration was not worth doing, and might as well have been left untouched.

On Tuesday, the 18th, the great celebration was really begun. At daylight all the ships in the harbor were decked from truck to taffrail with long lines of signal flags, and all the men-of-war flew the American flag at the mainmast-head as a signal that the President of the United States was hourly expected. The land batteries took up position on the bluffs, and everything was made ready for the reception of the expected dignitaries. At 10 o'clock the *Tallapoosa*, having on board President Arthur and members of his cabinet, entered the river, and as she steamed abreast of the batteries on the bluffs, was greeted by twenty-one guns fired in quick succession. At this signal the yards of the war ships were manned, and for the next ten minutes the thunder of their great guns drowned all other sounds. As the dense clouds of sulphurous smoke from the guns gradually enveloped ship after ship, and drifting to leeward, hung like a pall over the river, obscuring all objects, it seemed to the thousands of spectators lining the bluffs that they must be witnessing some desperately contested naval engagement. The steamer bearing the President was quickly followed by others, bringing the Secretaries of the Navy and of War, General Sherman, and, a little later, by the French frigates and the distinguished foreign guests of the nation. As all of these received the salutes due them from the batteries on both land and water, the heavy firing was almost continuous for some hours, and the illusion of a great battle was prolonged.

As soon as they landed, the President, his cabinet, and the French and German guests were welcomed by the Congressional Committee and the Governor of Virginia in Lafayette Hall—a building erected for the purpose near the site of the proposed monument. In and about this building the first large crowd seen during the celebration thus far was gathered, and though it did not number more than five thousand, the dense clouds of dust that it raised from the parched, sandy plain, and the intense heat, made everybody present thankful that it was no larger. Amid the most uncomfortable surroundings, and blinded and choked with dust, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Virginia, assisted by the Grand Masters of Masons in several other States, laid the corner-stone of the Yorktown Centennial Monument. The monument is to be a graceful shaft ninety-five feet in height, located directly on the edge of the high bluff overlooking the river, about a quarter of a mile southeast of the village, but within the town limits. This was the principal event of the day, the remainder of which was devoted to drills, receptions, and concerts by the many fine military bands present. Wednesday was given up to the entertainment of the foreign guests, addresses, the reading of centennial odes, poems, etc. On Thursday a grand military review of all the troops present was held in the presence of the President and his cabinet, the foreign guests, the Governors of States, the General of the Army, Admiral Wyman, and the many other distinguished civil and military officers present; and on Friday the celebration was concluded by a grand naval review of all the vessels of war lying before Yorktown.

Among the many curious and interesting sights to be witnessed at Yorktown during the celebration none attracted more attention from Northern visitors than the wretched two-wheeled vehicles, generally drawn by one diminutive cow or ox attached to the shafts by rope harness, in which fantastically attired members of negro families from miles around visited the camp. And nothing amused these same negroes more than to see the wry faces with which the visitors from the North attempted to eat unripe persimmons, which they found in abundance about the camp.

Of all the bodies of militia present at the celebration, the Thirteenth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y. presented the handsomest and most soldierly appearance, and brought with them the finest band. Their camp, too, set up and arranged by themselves, was far superior in comfort and general appearance to any in the field, the immense cross-shaped canvas pavilion erected for Governor Cornell being almost regal in its furnishing, and costing alone over five thousand dollars. All the militia present were, however, taught many and valuable lessons by the neatness and order maintained in the encampment of regular troops adjoining them. And if the great celebration should result in no other good, it will have proved a valuable training school for them, and will have served to promote mutual good-fellowship between the militia and the regular army troops.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—(*Continued.*)

UNDER THE CRAB-TREE.

Now this fine sense of abstract beauty should—if it did its business well—suffice to keep the mind from dwelling on little side issues of its own. But it is to be observed in the history of all great artists that the largest perception of "the beautiful" never has so sufficed at all. They are full of it, possessed, inspired, radiant; but the expansion of their minds has its little puckers still.

How much more, then, is this to be expected when the mind inspired by large outlook is only that of a poor young maiden, left to its own philosophy! There was comfort in the quiet of the hill to her, and a soothing power in the evening light; but still her heart came through her mind, as the round fruit blushes through the glistening of the leaves. And her heart, though not put into words, was full of something, and somebody. For surely, with the better half of mind, there is nothing more grievous than to think and think, and have nothing to say about any of it; and the breast, and the hearty parts that go on very well (if the brain will only let them have their turn), must come up sometimes and say that they have a share in the system.

There had been many things combining (as things generally do) to come down upon Rose, and torment and vex her, to the furthest boundary of her large and gentle patience. To a proud, quick-minded, and sensitive girl it was no small pain, to begin with, to see how her father was behaving toward his unexpected guest. Her father evidently knew full well why the General was so polite to him, coldly polite, not even swearing when the Captain was in the room. The latter never staid longer than to discharge the duties of host, with a pleasure as stiff as a formal dinner party. And while he was doing it the General watched him with a supercilious gaze, tempered now and then, when his pains came on, with a cross indignant pity. "What can my father have done?" thought Rose—"what can he have done to lead to this? He never can have deserved it; but what induces him to put up with it—he who is one of the proudest of mankind?"

Moreover, she was troubled, to the limit of her untried capacity for trouble, by the Colonel's conduct. What made him keep away so entirely from them, and only send inquiries by some servant, or casual visitor across the moor? And why did her father seem to think that right, when her own sense told her that it was quite wrong?

Over and above and perhaps below these thoughts were many, no less grievous, touching the tenderness of her own cares. Without confession to herself, or any direct discussion of the subject, somehow or other she had been led to think so highly of young Mr. Westcombe that he seemed to be the one to solve all this. But not even once had he been near her, to the utmost of her knowledge, since under the ash-tree he had seemed to set his heart upon her kindly thoughts of him. "No doubt he despises me, as everybody else does," was the bitter conclusion of her poor young heart: "when people live in mystery, they must expect it. I will be like my father; I will disdain them all, although it is most uncomfortable."

Thinking thus, she looked toward the west, as people out-of-doors do mainly, when their spirits are in declination. She was standing inside her father's fence, which was hard to climb just there, and gave her strong sense of security. After her recent scare, she feared to wander in the lower ground alone; but here she could see any sign of approach, and could run away home without being cut off. And the rise of the ground gave her plenty of height to look over the fence to the long sweep of

moor, and the coving of the combes, that made dark-elbowed shades below them.

Why should the human race, or any other, have two eyes—till their brethren knock out one—unless it is to see two things at once? By a thousand arguments it may be shown that the large, benevolent, orthodox, intelligent, and intelligible law of nature was that binocular beings should squint. For the first week of our lives we all do so, and if wisely let alone, we might retain that gift. But the nurses go against it, and the supple sequacity which has been nursed into us from our cradles induces one eye to go after the other, and become shackled to it in spite of the nose, which was meant to keep them independent. After this, what hope can we have of objectivity?

Without the large outlook afforded to those both whose eyes turn outward, Rose Arthur contrived to see two figures at the very same moment, though far apart, and quite invisible to each other. One was in a swampy goyal, partly lit by sunset through a gap in the western heights above; and the other was on the hill front toward her, rapidly descending. The one in the goyal had something that looked like a long gun on his shoulder; and he suddenly turned into a shadowy corner, and, so far as she could make out, sat down. The other came hastily into the track where the General had met with his disaster lately, and then running down to the little spiked gate, looked through, and saw her, and implored to be let in.

"Why should I let you in?" asked Rose, doubtfully feeling for her key.

"Why should you keep me out?" asked the other. "It is very important that I should come in."

"Perhaps it would be rude to keep you out. But this is not the proper way to call, nor the proper time. But you may come in, Mr. Westcombe."

"It is most kind of you to let me in," said Jack, taking care to get inside before the young lady changed her mind, and then looking at her with steadfast eyes, which expressed an enormous stock of admiration, with a mild determination to make something of it. "But it would have been a cruel thing to keep me out. You never do cruel things, do you, Miss Arthur?"

"No, Mr. Westcombe; or if I ever do, I am always sorry afterward. I am obliged to kill things very often. What can we do with slugs and grubs?"

"But if you have pity for them," said Jack, "nasty marauders as they are, how sorry you must be to trample on your own poor fellow-creatures!"

"But I never do anything of the kind," Rose answered, looking at her little feet to make quite sure; "unless you mean poor Squire Touchwood."

"No, I don't mean him. I wish I did: the more you trample upon him, the better. I mean one a little better, at any rate, than that fellow, though a very humble individual still. If you look at me, you will see my sad meaning."

Rose smiled very sweetly, as she looked at him, and said: "If you have been trampled on, you bear it very well. You show no signs of ill usage, but rather every symptom of happiness and self-content. Mr. Westcombe, in what way are you pitiable?"

"Well, perhaps, for the moment, rather less so than usual, because, in a certain sweet presence, I am always pervaded with a sudden rush of happiness. It is like coming out of the shade into the light, from the winter to the summer, from a coal mine to a meadow full of bright flowers and sunshine. Don't laugh now; that is too bad of you. I know that I am not at all poetical—but still—"

"Well, I think you are very poetical indeed. Squire Dicky never said anything half so fine. He only said two things at all poetical; though he seemed to be trying very hard, and very brilliantly."

"Oh, tell me what his two flights of poetry were. I never should have dreamed that he could do so much as that."

"Yes, he did. He told me once that he would rather sit and look at me than see a badger drawn by his best dog, Bob. And another time he said that the sound of my voice was sweeter than the tinkle of a new tap of pale ale running into a three-quart jug."

"So it is. He was quite right. But how could you resist him, after such a noble flight of poetry? I should have been quite terrified if I had known he was so clever."

"One must grow capable of more and more resistance, as one grows older rapidly." This gave the talk a serious turn, and made them look at one another; the result of which was as usual.

Rose thought how noble and how simple was his mind, and his heart so soft and excellent; and his outward form quite good enough to defend her and be managed by her. Jack thought how lovely and how sweet she was, with at least as much mind as any husband wants, and a heart that his own yearned after. Their eyes met gently, and he drew her to him.

"Darling Rose," he said, "how long am I to be uncertain what you mean? You are not one of the flimsy kind who have no heart worth having. Your nature is noble, steadfast, grand."

"There is nothing very grand about me," she said, prolonging the sweet surrender. "If you think that, you will be sadly disappointed."

"But give me the chance of the disappointment. I ask for you only as you are; according to my own account, not yours. You promised to think kindly of me. Have you done it? Have you been able to do it, sweet Rose?"

"I have done it. And I have made up my mind that I like you as well as—as well as you like me."

"Liking has nothing to do with it, Rose. Do you love me as I love you?"

"You must not be too hard upon me. I have never had this to do before. But I do love you, John, a great deal better than myself."

"Then you will give yourself to me," John Westcombe said; and perceiving that her eyes were bright with tears as she bowed her head, he laid the head gently upon his shoulder, and kissed away the tears, and found it essential to kiss the trembling lips as well, because there were symptoms of a happy sob between them. "Now you are mine—forever mine," he was whispering in the most lovely rapture, when a stern voice came from behind the crab-tree.

"Halloa, sir! What are you doing there?" And the voice was followed by a tall man striding, who took Rose from Jack as a bird whips a feather from another bird's nest, and said, "Go home directly: I will speak to you by-and-by." Then to John Westcombe he spoke, disdainfully:

"Sir, I had imagined that you were a man of honor."

"Don't be so hasty, sir," Jack answered, for he possessed the true basis of all courage—self-command. "I am not ashamed of anything that I have done, sir."

"Of course you are not. You consider it no harm whatever to have broken your parole."

"You forget, sir, how the time goes by. I have broken no parole. I pledged myself for the fishing season, because you allowed me to come up your water. Not that I cared for the fishing two tails of a gnat, but that I could see your house. When the fishing expired, my bond expired; and the trout in the Christow are beginning to prepare to spawn before very long, as Mr. Short says, who understands them well. And Mr. Short says that it has been agreed by all who understand the thing that the fishing in these upper waters ceases upon partridge-shooting day. And that was a week ago almost; so that I have taken no advantage, but purposely left it all on your side."

"I am sorry for your sake," said the Captain, looking at him so that Jack's gray eyes went down, "that your honor can be satisfied with such flimsy stuff as this. To use it as an argument is an insult to me, or else a disgrace to your own self. Say rather that you were overcome by youthful haste, and then I will endeavor to respect you again."

This to a young man of Jack's shy pride was almost too bitter to put up with, even from the father of his Rose. His solid face worked, and his gray eyes flashed, with the strain he was putting upon himself. If he had spoken what was upon his lips, he must have lost his love forever, so bitter was his thought, and so resolute the nature which it would have outraged. It was upon his lips to say, "Have not you done something infinitely more disgraceful?" But he thought of Rose just in good time, and said, "Well, sir, perhaps I have been tempted. But I thought it was fair, and I think so still."

"Two words will show you that it was not fair," Mr. Arthur answered, in a much kinder tone. "Possibly you thought that your promise had expired; but how was I to know that you thought so? You were bound to let me know that you would cast off your pledge, instead of doing so without my knowledge, and taking advantage of my ignorance."

"I never thought of doing such a thing as that," said Jack; "it would have been mean, and low, and snobbish. I never dreamed that any one could judge me so."

"Very likely not. But you see what comes of being your own judge and jury. Good-evening, now. I will ask you for no more promises."

"But it never can be your intention to mean," cried the young man, looking as deplorably as he spoke, "that I am to be ordered off your premises altogether?"

"Not quite so. Let us rather put it thus—you are not to come until you are invited. And I shall not invite you until your father wishes it."

"Very well. You can treat me as you like, sir. But for all that, I am quite resolved to marry your daughter."

"And I am quite resolved that you shall not, in the present condition of things, young man."

The Captain looked sternly at Jack, as he spoke, and Jack looked firmly at the Captain. Both having strong wills, neither of them said anything more than "Good-evening."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

Some approach to the solution of the great problem of photographing an object in its natural hues has just been made by two French photographers, MM. Cros and Carpentier. The process consists in taking three photographs of the object, as seen through screens of orange, green, and violet liquid respectively, that is to say, three photographs of the object with its blue, red, and orange rays quenched in turn. These proofs are taken on glass, and the parts corresponding to the quenched light are left opaque, whereas the parts influenced by the rays become transparent. A second set of three plates is then prepared by coating them with albumenized collodion on which albumen is coagulated by the action of alcohol and bromide of cadmium. After being allowed to imbibe bichromate of ammonia, this coating is exposed for some minutes to a diffused light coming through one of the transparent images already taken with a colored screen. The transparent parts of the latter allow the light to pass, and cause the albumen to contract, while the opaque parts screen the light. The result is that, when the plate is immersed in a coloring bath, the albumen absorbs the color in those regions protected by the opaque portions of the first image, and rejects it in the other regions which contracted under the light passing through the transparencies of the image. This process is repeated for all three images obtained by the colored screens, and thus by employing three separate baths of red, blue, and yellow for the images got by the green, orange, and violet screens, the quenched lights are recombined in one picture of the object. The liquid screens are made of solutions of chloride of cobalt for the violet, sulphate of copper for the blue, and bichromate of potash for the orange; and when the electric light is employed, they are simply placed before the lamp, and the object bathed in the colored light transmitted through them is photographed direct.

JOHN DONNE.

One morning, as the wife of John Donne, the celebrated English satirist and clergyman, at that time Vicar of St. Dunstan's, is going briskly through her household review, she is thrown out of all matronly composure by news being brought her, by a breathless servant-maid, that one of the King's lackeys is at the vicarage door, asking to speak with her. The damsel adds much that is animated, though a trifle confused, about the splendors of the royal messenger's dress; but her mistress does not heed her, she is so full of wondering awe about what this envoy from royalty can be come for. Had her John committed some terrible breach of etiquette the last time he went to pay his respects to his Majesty? What could it mean? She hurries out, the keys at her girdle making a little tremulous tinkle as she goes. And she is greatly relieved to find that it is only an invitation for her husband to dine at the palace to-morrow. Her spirits rise quickly, for this is in truth an honor that Donne has never enjoyed before, and with proud importance in her face and air, the little woman runs up stairs to brush the Vicar's best doublet, and otherwise prepare his clothes for the grand occasion.

The hour for the Vicar of St. Dunstan's to start for the palace arrives—an early mid-day hour in those times, when royalty dined at noon and supped at sunset. Mistress Donne bids her husband bring her back a full and particular account of every dish on the princely table, for she has a pretty taste in cookery, and very possibly she may be able to imitate some of them. If truth must be told, Donne's heart beats a little faster than usual as he draws near the door of the palace. He certainly knew something of court life, but to sit down and eat with royalty is a new experience for him. The first part of the ordeal is quickly over; he has passed through the long suite of gilded anterooms, and the lines of richly liveried servants. Now of course he will be ushered into the grand banqueting-hall. But how is this? Instead of finding himself in a spacious apartment glittering with gold and silver plate and filled with guests, he is left standing alone in a little shabbily furnished room that seems to belong to the back-stairs part of the palace.

Donne waits in silent wonder as to what this may mean, and various uncomfortable doubts and conjectures rise up within him. At length the door opens, and no less a person appears than the King himself. The clergyman casts an uneasy glance at his Majesty's face, but there is no frown upon it; it is full of an indescribable suppressed something that is very like a smile, that will try to make its own way out, and gleam about the lips and sparkle in the eyes. At first the King chats about the most commonplace subjects. The Vicar represses the pangs of hunger, which are beginning to get rather importunate, as best he can, and answers respectfully, and as a subject should. At length James says, with what for a monarch is terribly like a knowing wink: "I doubt, Master Donne, that you are wanting your dinner, but I am going to offer you a dish that will serve for dinner, I think, and for supper both. What do you say to the Deanery of St. Paul's?"

This was the way in which Donne became Dean of St. Paul's. An honorable position and considerable worldly prosperity now were his; there was no need any longer to fear the biting blast of poverty for those he loved; it seemed that he and his were standing in the midst of calmest brightness. But just then came the darkest cloud of sorrow that ever burst over his earthly life. There is a story which says that this trouble was foreshadowed to Donne in a strange, supernatural way: it is given by many of his biographers, so we will tell it here.

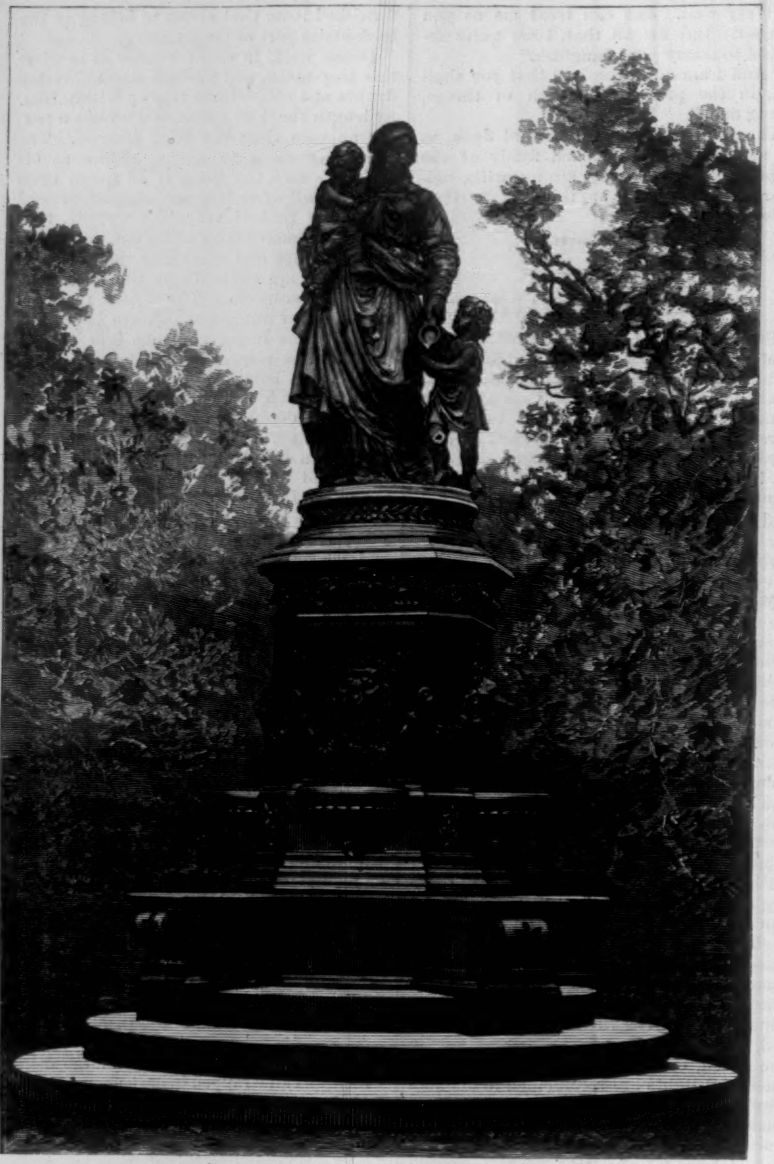
One night Donne was sitting up in the library of a friend in the country with whom he was staying. He had been absent from home but a few days, and he had left his wife and children all well and happy when he took leave of them. He had become absorbed in some old folio, and he sat on till the whole of the rest of the house was sunk in silence and sleep; no sound was audible save the wind rising now and then to breathe a long sigh, or the noise made by a falling cinder as it dropped from the dull red fire.

The student chanced to raise his eyes from his book and glance around the large room, which was all wrapped in dark shadows that folded themselves about the tall book-cases, and crept up and down the oak-panelled walls, and lay lurking in distant corners. There were only two bright spots, one made by the fitful glimmer of the fire-light round the hearth, the other by his lamp. Suddenly, amid the dimness at the further end of the library, he fancied he saw something moving. He looked and wondered, for he was certain no one had entered the room; besides, there was not a single inhabitant of the house up except himself: he looked and wondered, and then concluded it was a passing illusion.

But no, there it was again, a white object glimmering out amid the dimness. A great awe fell upon him; he could not stir or speak. Slowly out from among the shadows a white-robed female form glided into the light of the lamp, until the yellow rays fell full upon it. Then the form turned its face toward him, and Donne was gazing into the eyes of his wife. She was very pale; her hair hung loosely round her; she held a dead child in her arms. She fixed on him one long, wistful look of love, and then she vanished. Next morning a messenger from London came hastening to the house where Donne was staying, with the sad tidings that Mistress Donne had died last night in giving birth to a dead child.

Thus Donne's home lost its sweetest music. He bore it, however, like a man and a Christian, and while he mourned her to the very end of his own earthly life, and never called another woman to fill her place, he brought up his seven motherless children well, and was unwearying in deeds of love and charity. There was no one in distress or sorrow near his cathedral who did not know something of the good Dean's sympathy and kindness, and the poor found in him a generous, ready friend.

Donne was perhaps one of the most eloquent men that ever stood in an English pulpit. The fire, the feeling, the passion, that rushed down in floods upon his audience seem to have completely carried away his listeners. His sermons were often of the most immoderate length, but they would sit on spell-bound, now weeping, now clasping their hands, swayed by his irresistible power as trees by the wind. His genius as a poet no doubt had much to do with his success as a preacher; it bore him aloft into heights of inspired fancy, and clothed his thoughts in language of glowing splendor. When he had finished one sermon, he always immediately looked out a text for the next, and then carried it about in his head until he had built up a whole frame-work of thought and argument upon it. Thus he knew all his sermons by heart before he preached them.



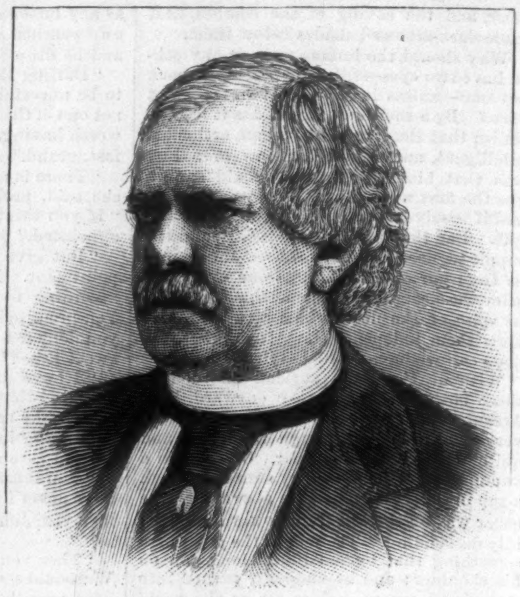
THE NEW BRONZE FOUNTAIN IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.—PRESENTED BY MR. D. WILLIS JAMES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.

THE JAMES FOUNTAIN.

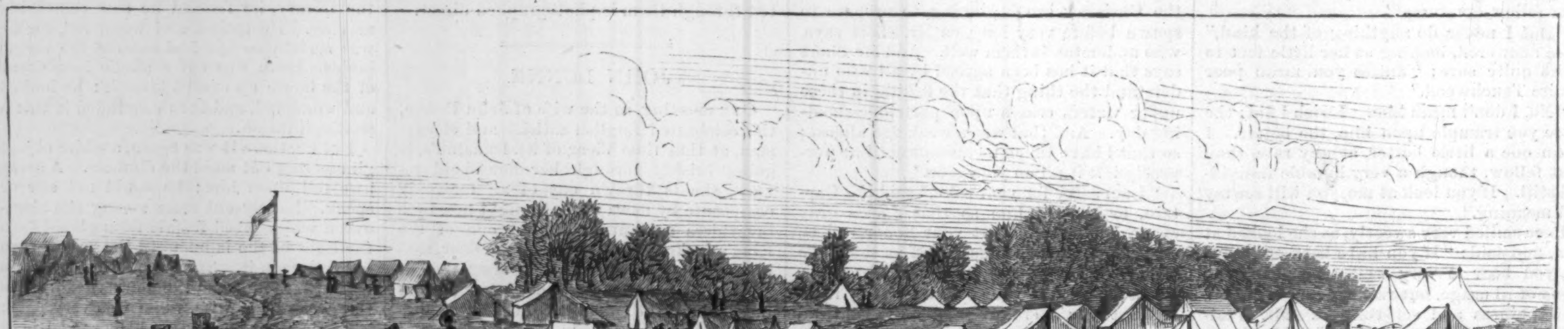
THE new fountain which Mr. D. W. JAMES has just presented to the city of New York is a valuable contribution to the artistic wealth of the metropolis. The story of its origin can be briefly told, and is interesting as showing how in a democratic country like ours individual citizens perform the work which elsewhere is done either by the community or by some holder of power and state.

About five years ago three of our well-known citizens happened to meet in a German hotel. They spoke of art and of public works, and finally the conversation took a practical turn. They discussed the project of a drinking-fountain which should at the same time contribute to the physical comfort of the people, teach a lesson of religion, and foster an appreciation of art. The idea thus struck out in social converse has resulted in the work which now embellishes Union Square. The suggestion of this fountain came from Mr. D. WILLIS JAMES, who formally presented it to the city, as represented by Mayor GRACE. The address on the occasion was delivered by another of the party of three, Professor J. LEONARD CORNING. He related how in the perplexities attending the practical solution of the question which the three friends had proposed to themselves, recourse was had to the well-known art critic and historian LÜBKE, of Stuttgart. By one of those strange pieces of good fortune which sometimes occur, ADOLF DONNDORF was present at the first visit paid to LÜBKE's studio. This young artist had just removed from Dresden to assume the position of head of the Department of Sculpture at the Art Academy of Stuttgart. "Here is the man you are looking for," said LÜBKE to his American visitor, and in a few moments it was settled that he should make a clay model of a fountain for the inspection of the gentlemen who intended to erect one. DONNDORF is a pupil of RIETSCHEL, whose fame is identified with the memorial of LUTHER in the city of Worms. The master had barely completed the plan of this great work, and modelled the central figure, when death called him. The task of carrying out his ideal fell to DONNDORF.

The clay model prepared by DONNDORF was exhibited as "a design for a fountain in New York" in the Art Academy of Stuttgart, and was approved by our fellow-citizens who had undertaken to erect it. In 1877, a contract was signed for the execution of the work within a period of two years and a half. "Like many another work," said Professor CORNING, "which has been the fruit of conscientious toil rather than mercenary ambition, it lingered long beyond the allotted time, and thus fulfilled a moral mission superadded to its intended one, to wit, a large discipline of exemplary patience and faith." This delay, however, arose from no negligence on the artist's part, but from his desire to faithfully execute a work which for truth to nature and conscientious attention to detail should be as fit for a museum as for a public park. Every single figure in the group in Union Square represents a living model. The motherly instinct made visible in the emblem of charity is the leading idea of the composition, and the sculptor's own wife and child stood for the bronze mother with the baby on her arm, while the



THE LATE CHARLES VAN BENTHUYSEN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 733.]



THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL—ARRIVAL OF SINCLAIR'S BATTERY, FROM FORT HAMILTON, LONG ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 730.]

little one trotting by her side is taken from a boy whom the Swabians regarded as a model of grace. Other delays than those arising from the artist's conscientiousness occurred to keep back the completion of the work. The plaster model in the foundry gave way, and months were required to restore it. Again, when the modelling of the entire group was nearly completed, disaster came. The frost of the severe winter of 1879–80 penetrated the artist's studio, and one morning DONNDORF found the clay on which he expended two years of toil lying, a heap of shapeless lumps, on the floor. But he bravely resumed his work, and in the course of this summer the bronze group and postament arrived on our shores, whither the granite pedestal from Sweden had preceded them.

The beautifully modelled group which crowns the fountain has, it is true, no claim to originality of conception; it takes its place in a long succession of designs honored by ancient tradition and approved by the verdict of mankind. Beautiful as a work of art, the symbolism of the group is singularly appropriate to this beneficent contribution to the physical comfort of the people. It may be regarded as a symbol of Christian kindness and charity, leading thirsty souls and weary hearts to the living fountains of refreshment, and as such it will be looked upon with admiration and gratitude. The example of Mr. JAMES is well worthy of imitation.

SPECIMENS OF COTTON FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

THE ATLANTA FAIR.

THE great Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, of which we have already given a full account, continues to attract the interest of the country, and the beneficial influence it will have upon the industries of the South becomes every day more apparent. It has drawn thousands of visitors from every part of the country, and it can not be doubted that many clear-sighted business men from the North and West will discover that the South presents many fields for the profitable investment of capital. The Atlanta correspondent of the Boston *Post* writes with regard to this point:

"There is more to interest the student of industrial questions than any other fair in the world ever showed, and perhaps there is less to interest the mere sight-seer than any other fair ever afforded. Everything is suggestive; every exhibit is an appeal for capital. Every feature of the exposition is an index to a vast volume. Every mineral, wood, and product hints of a mining mania, of unexplored forests, and of a boundless possibility of agricultural development and chances for manufacture, whose greatest disadvantage is that their phenomenal promise almost staggers belief. When a man begins to tell you of the mineral wealth of North Georgia, Eastern Tennessee, and Western North Carolina, if he merely explain an imperfect geological map, you unconsciously determine at once to buy a county, and visions of wealth make you dizzy. And the simple truth is that greater fortunes await the successful development of this region than the mining kings of the Pacific slope have accumulated."

The same correspondent truly observes that the Anglo-Saxon race owns no other territory as rich as parts of the South, and that it has held no other territory so long and developed it as little. The Atlanta fair will do much toward awaking progress and enterprise in all that region.

THE LATE CHARLES VAN BENTHUYSEN.

MR. CHARLES VAN BENTHUYSEN, of Albany, who died suddenly in this city on the 19th of October, at the age of sixty-four, was one of the most widely known and deservedly esteemed citizens of Albany. When ten years of age, he entered his father's printing-office, where his education began, and where it continued and ended, not only in letters, but in the general business of life. Though in all respects self-taught, he was a very accomplished man, and was noted for the grace and refinement of his manners, and for his strikingly manly and handsome presence. For many years he was State Printer, and at the same time occupied responsible positions in the leading benevolent institutions and corporations of Albany. From early manhood he was on terms of friendliness or intimacy with very many of the leading men of the State, of all shades of political opinion, who were called to the capital by legislative or official duties, and was held in high esteem by all with whom he became acquainted. In him passes away one of Albany's best citizens.

INTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING.

THE ATLANTA INTERNATIONAL COTTON EXPOSITION.—FROM SKETCHES BY HORACE BRADLEY.

CUBEBS.

It is quite an interesting study to note the radical changes sometimes occurring in the demand for various articles of consumption. Frequently it happens that a product lies for years without any extensive or important uses, and upon a sudden springs into activity with something of the "presto" characteristics of the enchanter's art. Probably there is no better contemporaneous example of this kind than the cubeb berry. For a very long period this article found its principal uses as a condiment in the *cuisines* of India, where it is consumed in the same manner as pepper, allspice, and their equivalents. With European nations and with us it had been confined to the distillation of its oil, which entered into the composition of a few pharmaceutical preparations, and to the pulverized berry itself, for use in the same field, but to a far more limited extent.

About the year 1878 cubeb berries first attracted general public attention as a specific for catarrhal affections, the mode of application being the inhalation of their smoke as evolved by combustion in an ordinary tobacco-pipe. In this form they were first introduced as an article of commerce by the proprietor of a widely known and popular cubeb cigarette, to which condition they were shortly afterward adapted. The consumption of the berry in this manner has vied with that of the most popular articles that have been put before the public in many years. As a natural consequence, this fact had an immediately stimulant effect upon the crude material, and the cubeb berry has steadily advanced in importance and price, proportionately to the new enterprise, until within the past three years it has assumed noteworthy position as an article of importation, and is now eagerly sought for at prices varying from fifty to seventy-five cents per pound, according to quality, notwithstanding that no further back than the fall of 1878 it was a drug in the market at about seven or eight cents. It is also a notable fact that, simultaneously with the increased demand for cubebs in the manner indicated, there has sprung up a largely increased consumption of the oil, which has found new fields of usefulness, until at least twenty pounds are now distilled and sold for every pound that found a market five years ago.

Much of the present available stock of berries is the accumulation of several years, during which their importance and ultimate value were entirely unforeseen either by the producers or the ordinary dealers. As yet there has not been observable any equivalent correspondence in the cultivation of the cubeb berry, which is grown within comparatively small districts in the island of Java and in Penang. The remoteness of this region, and its imperfect communication and sympathy with our market, have no doubt much to do with the fact of under-production; but there are some indications of a growing interest in the article at the sources of supply. Nevertheless, excepting that extreme efforts were at once made to increase the quantity of its annual product, there is every prospect that in scarcity and costliness it will before long repeat the history of Turkey box-wood and several other articles whose circumscribed limits of production are entirely out of accord with the rapidly growing and imperative demand.

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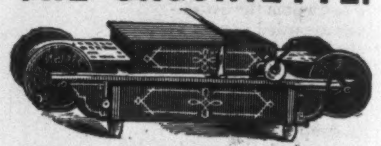

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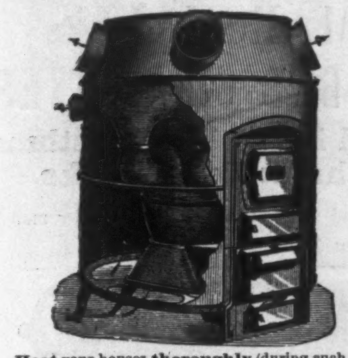

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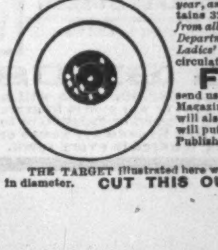

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